



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
University of Florida, George A. Smathers Libraries

<https://archive.org/details/tombrownsmemoirs00brow>

ACH 7120

DATE DUE

SEP 13 2002

JAN 11 2006

DEC 8 0 2005

18 MAY 2018

DEMCO INC 38-2931

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA 32301

TOM BROWN'S MEMOIRS

Douglas Henderson



Belair, Florida
February 23rd, 1863

Copy of Tom Brown

W. E. H. Allen

Having removed from my native state, Virginia, to the city of Tallahassee, Florida, in the fall and winter of 1827-8 -- when my children were all minors -- or rather, infants for the oldest was not more than twelve of age, and could know but little of their family connections; and altho: They subsequently visited Virginia on several occasions, yet they could have acquired but little information in regard to their family history. I have thought it proper to leave this imperfect sketch of my family history, from family tradition, and my own recollections of events of my life. But everything which I shall record will be entirely from memory for I never kept a diary, journal, or memoranda of any of the transactions of my life, except a very rough and incomplete journal of my trip to England in the year 1820.

For this history, from tradition and my own recollections, commenced in the seventy eighth year of my age, much allowance must be made, for doubtless there will be, necessarily many inaccuracies; but information which it will contain as much truth as may be expected to be found in such autobiographies as I will not state anything as fact which I do not know to be true, or that is not so deeply impressed on my mind as to imperil my account to its truth.

THOMAS BROWN

An Account of the Lineage of my Family, with that of my wife's, for the benefit of my children and their descendants, from tradition and my own memory, without reference to any written history, diary or memoranda.

The tradition in my family is, that our progenator was the Edward or Edwin Browne, who came with Capt. John Smith in the Second Colony into Virginia about the year 1608 under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh at Jamestown, no trace of the previous colony, sent out about the year 1592, could be found, except the site of the old town which was indicated by a growth of rank weeds - nor could anything be learned of their fate - They doubtless were massacred by the indians. Several attempts had been made to communicate with the colony which failed; until this one in 1608, and this had a long and disasterous voyage, and the crew having to subsist on salt provisions only were suffering, when they landed with scurvy, and seeing the weed called Stramonium growing luxuriantly about the spot where the town stood, they supposed it was some vegetable their predecessors had cultivated for culinary purposes, and gathered and boiled it with their salt meats, and all who ate of it sickened, and some died. From this circumstance, it was called "Jamestown Weed," pronounced short "Jimson Weed" and by that name it has been known in Virginia, and perhaps, in all the states.

For some time the Indians kept up a friendly intercourse and trade with the colonists, but after a while they became shy, and finally broke off all intercourse, and could not be seen by the whites, and communication having failed with the Mother Country for a long time, this colony began to suffer much for food and clothing; and Capt. Smith found it at length

absolutely necessary to force some intercourse with Indians; for which purpose he took a small band of his men and worked his way up the James River till he reached the Chicahomony Swamps without seeing an Indian, and with much difficulty he worked his way across the swamps, when he was attacked by a large party of Indian warriors arrayed for battle, and in trying retreat across the swamps, his men became scattered, and he was bagged and taken prisoner in the sight of some of his men, and carried to King Powhatan's wig wam where he was condemned to be executed on the great "Stone of execution," in the presence of King Powhatan seated on his throne, and surrounded by his Chiefs with the Princess Pocahontis, then about seventeen years old standing by his side, beautiful and elastic as the young Gazal. Smith was bound and his head placed on the Rock, or Stone of execution immediately in front of throne, and thence stout indians were placed at his head, with heavy clubs to strike at a signal and crush out his brains. The beautiful Pocahontis stood a silent, but anxious spectator of the ceremonies till all was completed but the fatal signal, when she sprang as quick as thought to the side of Smith, and pushing his head from the stone, laid her own in its place. This noble self-sacrificing act overcame King Powhatan, and Smith was pardoned and a treaty was made with him, and he was sent back to his colony with an escort of Indians carrying corn and dried meats, and dressed skins for his people.

Meanwhile, Smith's party worked their way back to the settlement, as fast as they could, supposing the Indians were pursuing them, not stopping to kill game, but subsisting on such wild fruits and berries as they could pick on their way; and arriving in the settlement in small

parties giving an account of their disaster and caused among the people great excitement and alarm. Two of the party, one of whom was this Edward Browne, in a famished condition, rushed into the first cabin they came to in the outskirts of the settlement, and seeing a deer's hastlet roasting before the fire, and a cake on the hoe, without noticing the woman in the house, out with their hunting knives and began to cut off and eat the half done hastlets and hoe cake. The woman, as soon as they entered the house, which was small and lighted only from the door, slipped out and ran to her husband who was working in a small field near the house, and told him that two Indians were in the house. The man immediately ran to the house, and seeing their guns leaning near the door, took up one and presented it at the breast of the one nearest to him, and the cabin was so small that the gun nearly touched the man's breast. The man seeing a gun suddenly presented at his breast, supposed that the Indians had overtaken them, beat up the muzzle of the gun and stabbed the assailant, who fell dead in the doorway. Which of the two, that unfortunately became the slayer of his fellow colonist, tradition does not inform us.

Powhatan wasnot the near Chief of a tribe of Indians; he was the King, or Emperor of all the tribes of Indians from the Chesapeake Bay to the Potomac River, and to the Blue Ridge Mountains. He made a treaty with Capt. Smith, which was respected for several years; and a peaceful and profitable trade and intercourse subsisted between the Red man and the white man, but marriage between the two races was strictly forbidden. The colony was prosperous, and began to increase considerably, and trading up the James River for several miles by accessions of colonists

from England, and a number of healthy Irish girls sent out by the Virginia Company as wives for the men of the colony, with a dowery of from 20 to 40 pounds, according to the position of the men who took them to wife. Tradition says, Edward Browne took one with a dowery of 40 pounds sterling.

The Indians seeing the colony increase so rapidly and spreading out in well cultivated plantations became alarmed, and King Powhatan called a general council of all the tribes to consult about the measures to be taken for their extermination. At this War Council Pocahontis was present - indeed it was her right or prerogative to be present on all important state occasions - but it does not appear that she had any voice or debate in the matter pending. The result was that the whole colony was to be massacred at once by a simultaneous assault upon every part of the settlement at daylight on a certain morning, which gave Pocahontis barely time to inform Capt. Smith of his danger. But, as if inspired by Divine Providence, she resolutely undertook the journey, which was a long and difficult one for her to undertake, having the Chicahominy Swamps to cross, and arrived at the outskirts of the settlement on the morning of the proposed attack, two or three hours before daylight. But Capt. Smith entertaining suspicions of the hostile intentions of the Indians, had placed a guard around the most exposed parts of the settlement, and by one of these guards Pocahontis was arrested and being unable to make him understand the object of her mission, she was detained until the guard was relieved, which brought nearly daylight before she was admitted to Capt. Smith's presence. The consequences were that before Smith could bring his men into action the assault had commenced on the upper part of the settlement and about 300 of the people were massacred.

The Indians were, however, effectually repulsed and chastised. It was deemed prudent to detain Pocahontis for sometime in the colony, as well for her own protection, as an hostage for the better conduct of the Indians. During the time she remained with the whites she was instructed in the English language and Christianity; which she learned with great facility and success; and was Eaptized and received the Communion. A treaty was made with Powhatan which was afterwards more faithfully respected and the colonists had no more serious difficulties with the Indians.

It has been said, and believed, that Pocahontis was in love with Capt. Smith, and expected that he would marry her. Such is not the truth as we have it by our tradition . Pocahontis regarded Capt. Smith as some superior Being - a God - to be worshipped and adored. But the love which inspires the thought of marriage, I believe, never entered her pure and unselfish heart. The truth is, taken with all her surroundings and circumstances - all in all, she was the most remarkable woman that ever lived or that has been recorded in history or fable: and is entitled to the honor, most surely and truly to be called and acknowledged in all time, the Mother of Virginia. Her marriage to young Rolf, was entirely a matter of state policy and arrangement, in which her heart and affection had no part. It was believed that a marriage between the Princess Pocahontis and an English gentleman would insure and secure a permanent and friendly connection with King Powhatan and his numerous and powerful tribes of Indians which would be immensely profitable to the Virginia Company, and in a great measure superior to the necessity of a military force to keep them in order. And the selection of young Rolf for the husband of the Princess was from the supposition that he combined in himself most of the qualifications for the success of the

arrangement. The marriage was solemnized with the consent of King Powhatan; and soon after the married party took shipping for London, and Pocahontis was introduced at the Court of St. James with all the pomp and circumstance of a Princess, the daughter of the powerful King Powhatan. But Pocahontis was of a cast and order of mind not to be dazzled by the show and parade of a Royal Court. She had sense and judgement enough to see that she was regarded more as a pretty wild beast exhibited for show, than as a Princess or even a human being, and her native sensibility and delicacy was wounded and she became discontented and melancholy and pined for the freedom of her native wilds in America, and determined to return home, and sailed in a ship from London for Virginia. But from cause or other the ship was detained a considerable time at Cows? where she died in giving birth to a female child, but the child was brought in safely to Jamestown where she was raised and educated and married to a man named Bolling; from whom are derived the families of Bollings, Robinsons and Randolphs of Virginia, who claim to be the descendants of Pocahontis. Such is the tradition in our family which I received from my earliest revelations. I am aware that some historians say that the child Pocahontis died in giving birth to was a boy. Now this may be so - it has so happened that I have never read Stith's history of Virginia, or its continuance by Burk and Jones. There can be no doubt that the families know the fact. But there is this fact which goes to strengthen my traditionary information: If the child was a male, his name would be Rolf, and we might suppose he would have left descendants bearing his name. Now I have never heard of a man in Virginia by the name of Rolf, but the man who married Pocahontis, nor any one, man or woman, who had "Rolf" in their name. Whereas the Bollings constitute a large and wealthy family

in Virginia to this day; and in the families, descendants of Pocahontis, "Bolling" is a common given name.

Our tradition informs us that the son of Edward Browne, whose name was William, settled on the Potomac in the county of Westmoreland and that my Grandfather, whose name also was William, was the fourth son in a direct line from Edward Browne. It is in our tradition that there was only one son in succession down to my Grandfather; and it is probably true or nearly true, as we have never been able to trace any connection of the name in Virginia, but from our Grandfather. I have heard my father say that of four families of the name of Brown in the County of Westmoreland, separate and distinct, no connection with either one of them could be traced to our family. But that Doctor Browne of Port Tobacco, Maryland, claimed a relationship with our family from Edward Browne. And there was a gentleman named Coleman Brown who owned a very handsome estate near Centreville in Fairfax County, Virginia, who claimed to be a relation of our family through Doctor Brown of Maryland. I have visited at his house. He had only one child, a daughter, who married a Mr. Lewis of Fairfax County, and continued to reside at the residence of her father; which is the same place mentioned in the accounts of the battles of Manasas, as "the Lewis House."

My grandfather married a lady by the name of Fryar, "who was an heiress - by whom he received considerable - I remember a plantation called "Fryars." He had three sons, and I think three daughters. My father whose name was William, was the eldest child. The next son was named George, and was killed at the age of seventeen years by a fall in skating on the ice on the Potomac River. The third son was named John, who married and had a family. My grandfather owned a large estate of lands and negroes, and having

died before the close of the Revolution, my father was heir at law, and inherited the real estate. But he refused to take any advantage of his birthright, and made an equal distribution with his brother and sisters - giving them each a plantation and negroes, and stock; on which they and their children were living since my recollection. A circumstance is related of one of my aunts, which I think worthy to be recorded here.

In the days of my grandfather the luxuries of housekeeping were not so abundant, particularly in the article of furniture, as in modern times. There was a piece of furniture in the family in the form of an oldfashioned Dutch liquor case containing twelve square bottles imported filled with Holland gin, and as they were not all kept full of liquor, some of them served other purposes. Sometimes the boys used one for surplus powder, after filling their powder horns, and sometimes the girls took one to serve the place of a candlestick. On a winter evening when the family were assembled around the large fireplace, which in those days, at least, occupied one third of one end of the living room, one of the before discribed Dutch bottles with a candlestick in its mouth was placed on the work stand, around which were seated the three daughters, busily employed with their needles. Whether too closely engaged with their work, or in conversation, the candle was not particularly noticed till it had burnt down to the mouth of the bottle, and so heated the glass that the stump slipped down into the bottle; when one of the girls saw by the light reflected inside that the bottle was partly filled with powder - without attempting to run, or give any alarm, she quietly took up the bottle and walked to the door and opened it and pitched the bottle and its contents into the yard. No explosion took place and no scene followed. Now this was a manifestation of firmness and

presence of mind which any distinguished hero might be proud to have recorded of him. But women, altho usually timid and easily excited, have more of the firmness and presence of mind in the face of danger than men have.

My father's first wife was a Miss Kutt, who died early leaving a son only, named John, who volunteered at the age of fifteen years in the Revolutionary War and served out the whole war; and being of age when he came out of service. My father gave him all the property that came by his mother, which consisted mostly of negroes, and established him on a plantation which he deeded to him. But in his military education he had learned dissipated habits, and became a fast young man, married and soon squandered his estate; and moved with his family to the County of Hampshire, where I believe he had some military lands, and died; and I believe his sons without issue - so that there are none of the name now living.

The second wife of my father was Margaret Templeman. She married very young and was a mother before she completed her sixteenth year, and died before she was forty years old, the mother of ten sons and three daughters - eleven of whom were living - two boys having died in infancy; and none were twins. The name of her mother, my maternal grandmother, was Cox. She was born in the city of Alexandria - then called Belle Haven, and married Capt. Templeman, who commanded a ship in the American trade from Whitehaven in England. Capt. Templeman subsequently settled in the county of Westmoreland where he died leaving four sons and two daughters. The oldest son was named Richard, who was one of the firm of Payne Yeats and Templeman, British Factors in the town of Fredricksburg. They were three old batchelors, and entered into an agreement, or sort of tontine arrangement,

that they would never marry, and the survivor totake all. My uncle Richard Templeman died first, and willed and conveyed all his property to the survivor of the other two. Payne died next, and Yeats became the owner of all of the property of the concern; but he made some gifts of property to Paynes relations, but to my uncle's relations he gave nothing. Yeats then sent to England and brought out his nephew, Charles Yeats, to whom he left his property. The lands on which the Yeats now live, near Charles Town, adjoining the Flowing Springs, belonged to my Uncle Richard Templeman.

Two other of the sons, Thomas and Samuel, married and left descendants. John, the youngest son went to sea, and for several years commanded a ship from London to the East Indies and Canton, and after having passed the meridian of life, returned to Westmoreland County a pretty rough old tar, who could tell sea life - and was generally known as "Commodore Templeman." He, however, married a very beautiful widow of the name of Lawson, with three children and a very handsome estate; by whom he had one only child named Lucy, who was a great pet, and much spoiled. I was something her senior and I was almost brought up with her, and being a great favorite of the old Commodore, he took the notion into his head that Lucy should be my wife, and we at that time were very willing to submit to his wishes. But I was sent off to school, and when I returned I found Lucy just budding into womanhood, and as beautiful as her mother ever was; and our intercourse was affectionate and unrestrained as when we parted, and altho much together for a year or more, there was no love making between us, nor do I think the idea of consummating the old Commodore's plans of marriage ever entered the head of either of us. John Lawson, one of the step-sons of my Uncle Templeman, settled in Kentucky, and about this time paid a visit to his

mother and finding his step-father in the possession of a very valuable lot of negroes, and a plantation not well managed, and of course not productive, prevailed on the old people to sell out the lands and go with him to Kentucky where the negroes would be more valuable, and Lucy went with them, and thus we parted, in tears, as cousins, not as lovers. Lucy married, and whilst in Charles Town, a few years ago, I received through my nephew, William Brown, who lives in Kentucky, a letter from a Mrs. Hughs who said she was a daughter of Lucy Templeman, and replied to it.

The oldest daughter was named Charlotte and died early unmarried. She was reputed to be a beautiful and interesting woman. My mother was the youngest child of my Grandfather Templeman. My Grandmother married a second husband by the name of Spence, who had two daughters, and died before my father married my mother.

My Father was a man of large property. He had some four thousand or more acres of poor, or worn out, forest land, on which he had tenants, which he kept pretty much in his own employment, hauling the seine, hunting, attending to the hounds, or stock, or at his salt-works. One particularly by the name of Garland Moore, a very strong minded, straight athletic man, who was his major domo.

My Father entertained a great deal of company and was found of living well, and probably was not much of an economist, but he was not a dissipated or extravagant man. He never gambled or swore, at least I never heard him, and I can remember him for some twenty years of my life. He was a man of great energy and character, with many projects and notions and some peculiarities, fond of improvements and making experiments, and peculiar in regard to his stock. He wanted his stock of cows all white, or white and

red, and of the (ganzey) breed without horns, and a black sheep was not permitted to remain in his flock. Even his poultry must be white. The black lambs were always the first to be killed. I had a propensity to tell strange things that happened in the family, to visitors. On an occasion of some company a black lamb was killed which I took a notion into my head was a small shaggy black dog about the yard, called Panther, and remonstrated with the butcher about killing it. But when he persisted in killing it I rushed into the drawing room in great excitement and before the whole company cried out, "don't any of you eat any of that lamb they are going to have for dinner today for I know it is a little black dog named Panther, for I saw Uncle Dick kill him just now." - But my father did not carry his prejudice to black animals to his blooded horses. I remember he had a beautiful high-blooded mare as black as a raven. She had not a white hair about her. She was named Jenney and was his saddle horse for many years, indeed his only in my remembrance. I remember he had a pet gander that would follow him about the plantation like a dog, and if he rode off without the gander's knowing it, he would fly in circles around for miles until he found him; when he would light on the crupper behind him; and I have seen my father come home with the gander perched up behind him looking as wise and contented as Jenney seemed proud and docile.

My father made large crops of tobacco which were delivered to the Mercantile House of Balantine & Co. Scotch brokers at Nominy Ferry, with whom he dealt largely, or perhaps fully to the proceeds of the tobacco; but I have often heard him say that his crops always squared his accounts for the years dealings as long as tobacco maintained a fair price. But when the political troubles commenced previously to the Revolution, the prices of tobacco became

very fluctuating and scarcely worth the cultivating, and the balances in favor of his factors increased very fast, so that when the war broke out he owed the House of Balantine & Co. a larger debt, and the culture of tobacco being unprofitable, he established large salt works for the manufacture of salt on Cedar Island, in the mouth of Nomony River on the Potomac, where for several years he manufactured large quantities of salt and supplied the country as far up as Winchester to which place it was packed on horses and mules over the Blue Ridge Mountains. His price at the works was \$5 per bushel, and such was his patriotism and confidence in the government, that he took continental money as fully as hard money, and when continental paper had become so depreciated that it was hardly worth the counting, he held on to all he had, believing the government would ultimately redeem it. Before the close of the war the British broke up his salt works and carried off all his kettles - and he had on hand over eleven thousand pounds of Continental paper, for which he never received one farthing. When me and my brothers went to an old field school, our thumb papers were often 166 pound bills.

Of my mother I have a very clear and lasting remembrance; no doubt heightened greatly by childish impressions. I thought her the most beautiful woman in the world - and her image never floats across my mind without being associated with my idea of an Angel. That she was pretty or beautiful, I believe there can be no doubt, all accounts of her that I have heard agree with that. I have often heard acquaintances of my father say that he and his wife were the handsomest couple that attended Nominy Church. She was not, I believe, above the ordinary height of women, but I have an impression on my mind that she was tall - but that may have been caused by her form and mode of dress. Her figure was very straight, light, but round and well

proportioned, and the fashion of that day was for ladies to wear very high heel shoes. Her complexion was fair and bright, and her eyes of a dark or hazle color, as also was her hair, with which she took much care, and to my eyes it appeared black. It was very full, and when let out of the folds to be draped by throwing her head slightly back, the ends would touch the floor. I will remark in that day long hair was considered a great ornament, as well with gentlemen as with ladies. Gentlemen powdered and qued their hair with broad black ribbon, which often danggled down their backs below the hip buttons of their dress coats.

I have very distinct recollections of very trivial occurrences when I could not have been more than three years old, particularly when associated with the memory of my mother and my maternal grandmother. When I could hardly begin to walk and had a boy nurse to carry me about, I had my thigh broken. My nurse played some trick with some of the other boys in playing and picked me up in his arms to run and stumbled over a ladder against the pigeon house by which he fell with me under him. My father was from home and it was six miles off to the doctors; but Garland Moore happened to be present and before the doctor came, had it set, splinted and bound up to the doctor's satisfaction, for which he always claimed full credit for it being as strait as the other, altho it is a little shorter. I have no recollection of suffering any pain but I have a distinct recollection of my mother's care and concern for me and of my father's having a little carriage made for me and a large Newfoundland dog, named Clinton, that drew me about and his carefulness of me - and particularly one evening when riding about the yard with the other children amusing me, I saw looking over the side of my carriage in the green grass a pearl handle pen knife, but the blades were so rusted as to render it useless. My mother was a woman of most amiable

and even tempre and a meek Christian. I never knew her out of temper or to speak in a passion - certain I am she never as much as once slapped me by way of punishment or rebuke, and such I believe was her character with all her children. But this must be remarked, that, altho my grandmother kept her own house, being her dower in my Grandfather Templeman's estate, she spent the most of her time with my mother, and took much of the duties of housekeeping and the management of the children off of her hands, for which duties she was, pecularly qualified. She was a strict member of the Episcopal Church and complied with all its forms. She regularly had morning and evening service and read the prayers herself, which she did with great solemnity and dignity. She was truly a woman of authority and commanded and admonished as if she expected to be obeyed; but she was at the same time kind and gentle. I do not remember of her ever having corrected me, but I know that the idea of disobeying her never entered my mind. Her word was law. When she said it was wrong to say bad words, or tell an untruth, or take what was not our own, or to disturb birds nests, or to be cruel to helpless domestic animals, or to do anything naughty, we never thought of disobeying her. When she said it was folly to do anything improper because we thought no one could see it always saw us, I believed her, and I believed too, that if she did not see it, she would know of it and such an admonition I have never forgotten as the kind Grandmother who gave them. The nursery was a pretty large room, called the Green Room, because the woodwork was painted green. In bad weather we were all confined in that room with our nurses. There was a rosey healthy young woman named Peggy Murray, who was a sort of head nurse who was generally put in with us to keep us in order; a very kind-hearted good natured creature whom my mother took as an orphan, or the same as an orphan, and raised. Her father was a tenant of my father and went into

the Revolutionary Service as a soldier, leaving a wife and this girl. Before the war was over the mother died and my mother took the daughter and raised her. The Father Murray returned, the most shockingly wounded and cut up human being perhaps that ever survived. I remember him well. He remained a dependant of my father till he died. I have listened with wonder to his recital of his wounds and sufferings - which happened in this way. He said the army to which he belonged had been encamped for some time at a place near which some half mile distant was a large body of woods. One evening he went out of camp to this woods for the purpose of gathering fuel to cook for his mess - while picking up his wood a squad of Carlton's Cavalry charged on him and cut him down with their swords. In defending his head with his arms they cut off nearly all of his fingers and terribly cut and hacked his head and arms untill he fell senseless, when they ran a sword through his body and left him for dead. There he lay all night. Sometime the next day he had a return of consciousness and distressing thirst, but with no power to move. He was exposed to the hot sun all that day. The next day he made out to crawl to a large chestnut tree a short distance off which protected him from the scorching rays of the sun but his suffering for water was intolerable. The third day the buzzards began to light on the tree - and then to hop down on the ground and to strut up towards him, and around him - and he mimicked their manner - and then one hopped on him and he moved as well as he could and the buzzard would jump off and strut a few steps and stretch out his wings and hop on him again and be a little more familiar and harder to scare off - and another and another would come, and his only amusement for several hours was in watching the motions of the buzzards and in trying to keep them from picking out his eyes - till their gathering over the chestnut tree attracted the notice of the camp, and a party was sent out to see the cause, Who found him

and brought him into camp, - and strange to say, he recovered and lived many years.

My father was indulgent to his children, as well as my mother. It was the grandmother who managed them and gave them good lessons of instructions, lessons that I have never forgotten however indifferently I may have regarded them after I lost her guidance. She possessed a happy ability to enforce authority and to impress reproof and authority with great dignity of manner. She had benign and pleasing countenance which inspired love more than fear. When she commanded or rebuked she never repeated her words - they were pronounced in a manner that left no room for question - there was nothing of the scold in her whole composition. How I regarded commands under her instructions may be seen by an incident well known in the family. I never would eat milk or butter as other children - a constitutional antipathy which I have never been able to overcome - It was therefore necessary to give me tea or coffee - some slops . My mother had a favorite set of tea china, which in that day consisted of very small tea cups and saucers and the slop bowl was not much larger than some tea cups of the present day. One evening she had tea in her chamber, and it so happened for the want of something else, she gave me tea in this favorite slop bowl - and by way of caution, she said, "Mind, Tom, when you have done eating your tea, break that bowl." I sat down quietly and ate my tea and bread, and then got up and in the presence of all in the room walked up to the bedpost and smashed the bowl against it. Of course, this act of obedience produced great surprise. My father said very coolly, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast done as commanded." Now, it is quite probably that my remembrance of this incident is from having heard it spoken of in the family, but one thing I am quite well satisfied of, that I did not break the bowl from any

perversity of disposition on my part but simply because I was taught to obey my mother. This fact I can record with pride and although it may savor of vanity, it is a vanity I could in having the power to record with truth of my family, that of all the children of my mother, who lived to the years of discretion - and there were eight sons and three daughters - there was not one who was ever guilty of, or even charged with being guilty of, a discreditable act - myself the least among them. They were all religious in the true spirit of Christianity, honest, hightoned and upright - prominent in the persuits in which they were engaged, and respected in the communities in which they lived - and their numerous descendants are mostly reproductions of the parent stock, of which I only survive. My three sisters were lovely and pure women and ornaments in their respective domestic circles.

My mother was born about the year 1751 and died, I think, in March 1790 - I rely entirely on my memory. The family record was destroyed when my brother Richard's house, called the "Ruins" was burnt, when all the family were from home - of her illness and burial I have a clear remembrance. She died on the seventh day after the birth of my brother Ransdall. The grave was in the garden. My Uncle John Brown was one of the pallbearers and in lowering the coffin down into the grave, he had to kneel down, and the red clay which had frozen the night before, was melting and his knee sunk into it, so that his knee-buckles when he got up had mud sticking to them. I noticed it and wondered that he should have done it. I have no impression that I had any consciousness of my loss, or that I felt any grief or distress. After the death of my mother my grandmother made her entire residence at my fathers and took charge of the large family of children, ten in number. The infant, my brother Ransdall, was taken by my paternal Aunt McKildoe, who had a daughter born about the same time -

681

172

appears to be

to be

at 6 ft. from
base

a day or two after his birth, and raised them as twins, and kept him to her death, which was in his seventh year, when he returned to my father, and I will venture the assertion that there never was a family of eleven motherless children - and my brother William, the oldest, was barely out of his minority at the time of the death of my mother - so well cared for and so well raised as they all were and to show the effects of the proper religious training of children. Without any spirit of bigotry, or sectarian pride on my part, I will remark that all the descendants of my mother, down to the third generation are Episcopalians without a solitary exception within my knowledge. Some of them immediately after the Revolution, when the "English Church" stood very low from persecutions during the Revolution, joined the Baptist Church; but when the Episcopal Church reformed and revived in Virginia, they all returned to it and I attribute it to the teachings of my grandmother. My father and his predecessors were all, of course, members of the English Church and supporters of the Episcopacy - but I dare say my father in his early life was not a very devout man - he lived well and entertained a great deal of company, and with the English fashion he raised blooded horses and kept fox hounds. But he had none of the jockey about him, he never ran them himself or even made bets on them, although he sometimes permitted some of his friends to train and run some of his horses. - But of the last twenty years of my father's life, which I can remember, he was strictly a religious and temperate man.

Corban Washington, a nephew of General Washington, owned lands adjoining the lands of my father in Westmoreland County, and proposed to exchange his lands over the Blue Ridge near Charles Town in, then, the County of Berkley, called the Richwoods, for my father's lands in Westmoreland, and my father determined that he would go and examin them preparatory to making an exchange,

and accordingly arrangements were made for the journey to the back woods, which was no small undertaking at that day. With Garland Moore as a sort of bowman and companion, and Roger the groom, with a stout horse and portmanteau and a pack horse, my father on his riding mare, Jenney, started for their trip over the Blue Ridge Mountains. I have often heard my father relate the perils and incidents of the journey, and the advantages of the country. He said the lands were very rich and to one who would be contented to live on hog and hominy, it would be certainly a very desirable country. But wagons would never be able to cross the mountains, and as to the luxuries of the seaboard, they would never be heard of in that out-of-the world region; and the conclusion he came to in regard to the property exchange of lands made by Corban Washington was that he would not give his worn out lands in the Northern Neck of Virginia for all the lands owned by the Washingtons in the back woods. But Garland Moore formed a different opinion. He concluded that people could not suffer for the supports of life who had a plenty of hog and hominy to live on, and as he had a large family of children, some half dozen stout boys among them, it was the very country for him to go to and accordingly he pulled up stakes and moved, bag and baggage, to the back woods, and his accounts were so favorable that the next year Master Collins - the Rev. Christopher Collins - who had taught all my brothers who were old enough to go to school to him, and his sister, Miss Angelica Collins, who taught my sisters - determined to go, and my brother William went with them, and the next year, my brothers George and James went out and settled in Charles Town, with brother William.

About this time it was decided by treaty stipulations and acts of the Virginia legislature that British debts were recoverable in the States. The debt my father owed to the Balantines was large at the breaking out of the



Revolutionary War, and with the accumulating interest of fifteen or sixteen years, was large enough to sweep all of his property. But he did not wait for the costly process of law to coerce the payment, but sold out, even to the roof that sheltered his children - and paid every debt he owed, leaving a few old house servants, etc. and went to live with my grandmother with my sisters and the younger boys. My brother Richard was living with my mother's cousin, who was a merchant, and soon went into partnership with him, under the firm of Templeman & Brown. My father lived with my grandmother about two years, during which time he lost his eyesight by an accident, or nearly so; he could discern an object passed before him but could not identify it, and could walk about the yard and garden without a guide and could ride black Jenney, who was gentle and understood him, to visit his neighbors - I remember whilst we lived at my grandmothers that the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania broke out. A recruiting officer came to our house, dressed in a hunting shirt, with a rifle and shot pouch to which was appended a powder horn, having eight sides, which particularly attracted my attention, and I was continually handling and examining it while the man tarried with us, and the determination with me was that I would make a powder horn like it, not considering, or rather knowing that the eight sides were formed by heat and compression, I undertook to work down the angles or squares by scraping with glass and filing down. The consequence was that I used up all the cow horns, broken glass and old files within my reach for five miles around in the neighborhood, before I could bring out the angles true and square. I would cut through the shell of the horn - but strange as it may appear, after about two years perseverance - for I would not be disheartened, such a powder horn had been made in that way, as I supposed, and I would make

one - I did get a horn thick enough to allow me to work down the eight sides, square and distinct, and I did make the powder horn with the eight angles square and sharp; and gave it to my relation, the Rev. Samuel Templeman of Westmoreland County, Virginia in whose family the horn now is, as I am informed. After living about two years at my grandmother's, my father determined to go to a small place on the hills overlooking the Potomac River where he could be more convenient to the luxuries of the water course; and although about that time the house on the place was burnt he had another small house built and with my brother John, myself and Samuel, he went to that place to live with the few family servants that remained from the of his fortune. I remember Mary the cook, and her son Jerry, who was my nurse, and Dick the foreman or manager, Roger the groom and hostler, and Peter who claimed to be an African Prince, and I have no doubt he was. He said he was about eighteen years old when he led a party in a war against a neighboring tribe, and was defeated and taken prisoner with all his men, and sold to the slave traders; and were put in a Big Gourd and brought to this country, and he had a firm belief that when he died he would go back to his own country in another big gourd. He was curiously marked on his forehead and cheeks and on his shoulders, which he said were evidence of his Royalty. He was straight and slender and walked very erect, even when he was a very old man, and had a manner and deportment which might be called dignified. He was kind and well disposed and trusty and honest. My father had the highest confidence in him and let him do pretty much as he pleased. He was purchased from a slave ship by my grandfather, was older than my father, and died before him. He differed almost entirely from other negroes. He never engaged in any of their light and frivolous amusements or even in their religious exercises - indeed, he never associated with them. He would have his cabin apart

from their quarters near a ravine and a clump of woods. He had no wife and would suffer no one to live with him. He had his garden in which he cultivated vegetables and particularly sweet potatoes, ground peas, and large guinea peppers. He had his hens and I remember the way he made his hen houses. They were made of short split puncheons put in the form of a roof and covered with sod so that no light or air could enter except at a small door - and he was very successful in raising chickens and eggs. He always had a pig and cured his own bacon which he smoked in his cabin, and his only companions were a cat and a black snake, and it was some time before I knew anything about the snake. My brother Sam and I were regular visitors to his cabin to get eggs, potatoes and ground peas, which he was fond of giving to us. The little cabin was always dark and probably the snake had many a time slipped between my feet without my knowing it - but one one occasion I happened to be sitting in a position to see the snake as he slipped out from under the bed - and having always had a horror of snakes, I sprang out of the room as quick as thought and could not be induced ever to go into the cabin again, which surprised him much. He said it was very harmless and that he kept it as a companion for his cat and they caught the mice. As to my brother Sam, nothing could have pleased him better - but the snake could never be brought to submit to his familiarities . Uncle Dick, as we all called him, was a very different sort of man. He was a bright mulatto with hair straight and black as an indian. He had always been my father's foreman and manager - for he never had what is called an overseer on his plantation. He had tenants who did many things for him, but he never put his negroes under any of their management. Dick was the overseer, and if higher authority was necessary my father was that authority - and this I can say to the confounding of all abolition lies: That there never occurred an instance when a slave on my father's

plantation was "tucked up, stripped and flogged," as the Yankee abolitionist charges. If such an act had been perpetrated in my view I am sure I would never have forgotten it, even at the age of three years old. But I have often conversed with the old servants of my father and if such acts of cruelty had ever been practiced they would have spoken of it; and unless for some very gross offense, no such acts of cruelty have ever been practiced in the slave holding states and nothing like the "blue laws of Connecticut."

Roger the groom had become very religious and a Baptist exhorter, and considered it his mission to save the souls of all his young masters and mistresses and therefore he never let an opportunity pass to give me an exhortation upon the necessity of religion which generally digressed into an account of his journey with his master and Garland Moore to the Back Woods "away over the Blue Mountains," or of some of his exploits and jockeying in the races when his master permitted Master Sandy or some others of the young gentlemen run his race horses - particularly a favorite horse named Dotrell which he considered unsurpassed.

At this place there was every kind and variety of the finest fruit. The trees were very large - some, particularly cherries, as large as oak trees - and bore fruit in great abundance and perfection. Pears and apricots were in such abundance that they would ripen and fall, covering the ground with the richest fruit and attracting bees in such quantities that we had to be very cautious how we went under the trees to pick up the best.

There were many kind neighbors, old friends of my father, who visited him, some one or more almost every day, sympathising with him for the loss of his eyesight - particularly two rich old batchelors, or widowers - they had no white families - who took great pains to amuse him - George McKinney and John

Marmaduke. These two were especially kind friends, but there were many others equally kind gentlemen, but they were not so constantly with my father. They had regular fish fries at the river in true old Virginia style, to which my father always went on his trusty and safe black Virginian who would carry him to see any of his neighbors with entire reliability. There were other customs in that day which should have been preserved as national festivals, but under the innovations of modern improvements, pride fashion and folly have long become obsolete. Reapings or harvest time was a Virginia custom strictly observed at that day by all classes of respectable people, high or low. Every farmer whether large or small, had a patch of May wheat, from one to five acres, which was called a "wheat patch," without regard to his general crop of wheat. When the season for reaping came round which about the latter part of May, there was an understanding with all the neighbors, so that one would not interfere with another, so that they went round in succession throughout the whole neighborhood. The young men met at an early hour with their sickles or reaping hooks and commenced cutting down the wheat, while the others gathered it up and carried it to the wheat ring, which was a circle nearby of about fifty feet in diameter made firm and hard on the outer edge of this circle about five feet in width, the wheat was spread on in a shingling form with the heads up; and now all the horses were taken into requisition by the boys to ride around this ring to tread out the wheat which was great sport for them. During this process all the old men and privileged gentlemen who did not choose to join in the labor or sport of reaping and treading out the wheat were accommodated under large shade trees or other convenient shelter where they were furnished with ice water and refreshments and talked over the affairs of the neighborhood. At these harvest times the work was always done by white hands, the servants or

negroes did no part of it, they only waited on the company and attended to them. By noon the work of the reaping was generally over, when the young men went to the house and brushed up and called on the young ladies for the dance, which was always in rural style if the weather would permit. The dinner was prepared under long arbors with tables sufficient for all the company and consisted of all the good things that could be desired - lamb, veal, pigs, turkey, poultry of all kinds, and the richest of pies of all kinds except pumpkin pies which were not heard of in Virginia in that day - the dessert consisted of all kinds of tarts that could be made of all kinds of fruits, green, ripe, dried and preserved. But the crowning dessert of all was Firmity, and without which at the feast, it would not be considered a reaping. It was made of wheat beaten like corn for homony and boiled in the same way, but prepared with spices, sugar, etc. and eaten as a custard. At these reapings there was perfect equality although the extremes of society met as it regarded wealth and condition. No rowdies were admitted, and all things were conducted in harmony and grand order.

Another Virginia custom was "Corn Shuckings," which was the negro festival or harvest-home. The Festival of Reapings was the Spring Harvest-home. The Corn Shuckings, the Winter Harvest-Home. At the first the whites performed all the labor, at the second, the blacks performed all the labor. The corn was hauled in from the field to the farmyard, and thrown into a bulk, a hundred or more yards long, according to the size of the estate, or quantity cultivated - and about twenty feet wide and five or six feet high. On the evening appointed all the negroes from the plantations in the neighborhood assembled with their overseers or foremen, in two parties, with their leaders

or Generals taking the opposite ends of the bulk of corn. The Generals upon the bank of corn, one at either end at their respective forces on the ground arranged in line around the corn bank. One General would start a song, marching back and forth on the bank of corn as far as his line of force extended; and all responded to him from both ends of the line. Presently the General at the other end of the corn bank would strike in with a different song; and so on alternately - but as the leadership in the songs was open and free to all - some aspirant would mount the bank, and with some new song cut the leader out and take his place, so that with such a field for rivalry the best of their wild music on my uncultivated ear, that it seemed to fill the whole vault of heaven and the stars to dance in harmony with them. There was never any jaring or wrangling with them. All was good humor and hilarity. Their overseers were always attending on them, and occasionally going around with them with something to drink. The women were not excluded from these shuckings. They generally got through by eleven o'clock and went to their supper which was spread upon tables long and roomy enough for all to sit at it, with everything in abundance. On such occasions beef and mutton were butchered, as well as other necessary things. Now these old customs are forgotten even in the Old Dominion and their melodious corn songs are never heard except in Yankee imitations of "Negro Melodies," which I never heard without disgust, and if I could have my voice in the Southern Confederacy, there never should be an exhibition of the kind allowed amongst us; and the old fashioned corn shuckings should be revived when we could hear the negro songs in true character and have no more Yankee imitations, which I have always regarded as so far short of the good taste of the native negro song, as to become a burlesque on our negroes.

During this time while we were living on the Potomac with our father and the servants only, Sam and I went to an old field school, about four miles distant, where we had to walk every morning and take with us our lunch. John, who was quite a stout lad, did not go with us, as he considered himself more of a scholar than the young man who kept the school, having been a pupil of Master Collins - and soon after he went to live in Fredericksburg. This was the first school I remember to have gone to, but I could read and write. I suppose my grandmother instructed us, for I remember she made me read to her in the Psalter every day and sat me copies to write by. The school master was a good king young man, and thought me, so he said, very smart and well advanced, and put me at arithmetic with which I got along very well until I got into decimal and vulgar fractions, which at first perplexed me a good deal, but as soon as I began to comprehend them I got along very well.

Before my father had lived two years at this place, called, I think, River View, my grandmother died, and my sisters came home to live with us. And about the same time my Aunt McKildoe died and Ransdall came home. So that my father's family then consisted of his three daughters, and his three youngest sons - after my brother John went to live in Fredericksburg; which was soon after my sisters came home. My sister Elizabeth, always called Betsy, had arrived at womanhood and took charge of the whole family, the duties of which she certainly managed with energy and skill and ability; in the care of a blind father and five motherless children, to whom she was indeed a mother. My impressions are that we lived well, comfortably, and happy, and had many visitors, old friends of the family, who remembered us in our limited circumstances.

The last colt of my father's favorite riding mare, "Black Jenney," was given to my sister Betsy, and becoming old enough to ride, was under the training of old Roger the groom, who considered him too high metaled and vicious for a woman. He had thrown my brother John, who thought he could ride any horse that ever had hoofs. But my sister was not to be intimidated, she could ride any horse, and none but Miss PenellopeBerkwith could take the palm from her. She fearlessly mounted him, and he seemed to know who was on him and was proud of his jockey. She could ride him in the most excited fox chase with entire safety and impunity. He was a splendid animal and like his mother, as black as a raven. Old Roger named him Victor, because he had conquered him when breaking him. Sometime before the Revolution Jonathan Berkwith, son of Sir Jonathan Berkwith of England, settled a very large estate on the borders of Richmond and Westmoreland counties, situated between my father and Colonel Vincent Redman, who married a cousin of my mother, and imported fine blooded horses and other stock. From him my father got his stock of blooded horses, and his no-horned ganzey cows. Berkwith died leaving two sons, Jonathan and Jennings, and one daughter, Penellope, who was about the age of, or a little older than, my sister Betsey, and were much together. Jennings Beckwith was of a rambling disposition, and went off to the west. Jonathan remained with his sister on the patrimonial estate which he inherited and which was princely, and gave himself up to the pleasures of the chase and hunting. He had the best horses and the best broken hounds in the parish, and all kinds of shooting and sporting implements, and was the nimrod of the day. In all his sports his sister Penellope joined him and was his companion. He never ran his horses on the turf, and never had blacklegs about him. In every respect he was an hospitable

Virginia gentleman. Neither ever married and lived together until both were old. All sportsmen know that it is an unpardonable break of the chase to shoot a fox before the hounds. But if a deer is sprung it is lawful to shoot him, because he interrupts the chase and his flesh is good for the table. He trained his hounds to trail or run nothing but the fox, but he kept three powerful stag-hounds trained to run in the chase after the fox, but if ever a deer was started these stag-hounds quit the general chase and took after the stag, and immediately Miss Fenellope dashed in after them, and all who had the temerity to follow her, and if ever the deer, hard pressed by the stag-hounds, doubled and came in reach of her steady and unerring aim, he was sure to fall; and she returned to the company with the bush in her cap. She could fire her gun at full speed with deadly aim, and her seat was so firm that she could leap any obstruction that her horse could clear, and never fall unless her horse fell. She was acknowledged to be the best rider and manager of a horse in the country at that day, and my sister Betsy was admitted to be next to her. She was before the days of "Die Vernon" and if Scott had had "Fenellope Berkwith" to sit for his graphic picture, he would have had a better model. She was as graceful and elegant in figure and position as she was firm and reckless in the chase, even when I knew her. They both died since the War of 1812. Jonathan became heir to the title and pension of his grandfather, Sir Jonathan Berkwith of England, of 450 pounds a year, if he would go to England and live, but he said he would not give up his possessions in Virginia for the richest Earlson in England.

In the spring of 1799 my brother George came to see us. My brothers William and James having married, and it was arranged that my sister Margaret and I should return with him to Charles Town to live with brother William and go to school, and accordingly great preparations were made to fix us up for

the journey, which was regarded as a matter of great magnitude - with me, it was the great event. I had often heard of my father's account of his trip over the Blue Ridge, as well as hostler Rodger's - and my mind was running upon travels. As the time for the journey drew neigh, I became more anxious. I was determined to go, but the separation from my father and sisters, whom I dearly loved, and especially my brother Sam, with whom I was raised as if we had been twins, and altho the youngest, he was the stoutest and generally the leader in any venturesome undertaking. My brother John was too old to be my associate and he was then living in Fredericksburg, and Ransdell had been raised from us - but Sam was my shadow. But I was bent upon going, and freely gave him all my little stores of marbles, trinkets and other chattles, to reconcile him to our separation, except my cage of mocking birds. We were to go by water to Alexandria and by land conveyance to Charles Town. The craft in which we were to go arrived in Curratoman Bay about two miles from my fathers, and we had notice that the next day, but one, we must be on board - and such was my impatience, or fear, that something might occur to prevent my going, that, that evening I took up my cage of birds, and with french leave went on board of the schooner. When I was missed and the cargo was gone, a messenger was sent after me, but I could not be prevailed on to return to the house, but remained on the little vessel until the party came down two days after, with my brothers and sisters to see us off. The vessel was commanded by two men, one a German and the other a Frenchman, who were joint owners, Captain and sailors - not a soul else - not even a cabin boy. I could understand a little the German said, but not a word the Frenchman said. But I was contented, and after I got my supper, I crawled into a birth and went to sleep - but in the night

I was awakened by singing and loud talking, and soon discovered the two joint owners and sailors of the boat were in a frolic and both pretty drunk. They would sing a song, then take a drink, and then they would quarrel and all would be a jargon, I could identify no words, but the German would say, and repeat very often with gesticulations - "Donder an blixen" - and the Frenchman would respond, "Diable" - and then they would take another drink and sing another song - till they fell down on the cabin floor and went to sleep - and I did likewise. The next morning when I got up, one was scrubbing up the decks and the other fixing up the caboose for breakfast, as if no carouse had taken place. After breakfast we went fishing, and I carried them to the best fishing grounds, where we caught an abundance of fine fish and crabs - and became a great favorite with them, particularly the German, who was really a kind good natured fellow. That night they had another carousal. Next morning we went afishing again and got a good supply for the voyage. In the afternoon the party came down and after much leave taking, we got under way and went on pretty well that night, and I found that when sailing there was no carousing. I kept up the most of the night, watching the sailing of the vessel. Toward morning it began to rain and by the time breakfast was over it was blowing a gale, which increased with such violence that we were forced to run for a harbor and got into a small bay close into the shore. By this time we were all seasick. My brother, George, first, and then my sister. I tried to brave it off and was very sick. As I lay on the deck watching the shore and wishing I was on it, I noticed a large and beautiful spreading walnut tree about twenty yards from the beach, and as the seas would break on it, they would roll up to the body of the tree. As night came on the rain and storm increased and the night was very dark,

and we had a very uncomfortable time of it, but I went to sleep and when I awoke in the morning it was calm and clear and the sun shining as mildly as if there had been no storm. But to my surprise the water was up into the limbs of the walnut tree which the day before was fifty yards from the shore, and the whole broad surface of the river covered with logs and other drift stuff, and the water of a yellow, muddy color. In my seasickness, I thought I would never want to eat again, particularly fat meat. We, of course, had ate no dinner or supper the day before, but by the time the breakfast was prepared I was willing enough to eat. My brother and sister were a little harder to get over their seasickness, but by the time we got to Alexandria, they were entirely recovered. It proved to have been the greatest freshet that had been known on the Potomac River. When we got up to the wharves we found that they had all been inundated and were piled up with drift wood and rubbish, and all the cellars on Water Street were full of water and an immense damage had been done to goods in them. We stayed but one night in Alexandria and took a hack for Charlestown, and got that night to Hillsboro: at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The next morning the road to Charles Town was full of people in all sorts of vehicles and on horseback, men and women, all going to the exhibition at the academy in Charleston that day. We got to Charlestown by eleven o'clock. My brother William's house was right in front of the academy and it was full of visitors. Exhibition Day was a great day in Charlestown, and the whole country around attended it and some from a hundred or more miles off, who had sons at school there. There was an immense crowd, so I thought, in front of the academy when we arrived and I, without waiting for any introduction posted right off into the crowd to see what was going on. The Academy was a large two story building, in the whole front of which was a staging

covered with carpeting and the ends enclosed with curtains, and benches in front for the spectators. A boy was making a speech when I got there, and after many speeches there was a play and a farce. The play was the Tragedy of Cato. All of which was new and wonderful to me, and I considered that Charlestown was the greatest place in the world. At the close, when the crowd was dispersing, I was making my way back to the house, at the door of which my brother and sister had gotten out, when a very fine looking portly gentleman, after noticing me for a moment, accosted me in an easy and friendly manner and said, "My little master, are you not a brother of William Brown?" It was the first word that had been spoken to me since I entered the town. I answered in the affirmative. He said, "I thought so. When did you come here?" I said, "This morning, but I have not seen him, or been in his house yet." He replied, "I am going there and I will take you along." He turned out to be Dr. Davis, who married the widow Conrad, a sister of my brother James' wife.

When we got to the house, dining was going on and the house was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and children. Introductions were made and I got a great many kisses and was called for my uncerimoniously running off to the exhibition, where I found all had been, and some had noticed me in the crowd - but boy like - I had loitered behind to see all the wonders that could be seen. I never could see how Doctor Davis could have, under the circumstances, discovered any likeness in me to my brother William. He was tall, nearly six feet high, and very black hair and beard. I was always a runt untill I was nearly twenty years old, and precaucious in nothing, for although in my thirteenth year, I was always taken for ten or eleven. My hair was flaxen and my skin very white and inclined to be pale.

At the next session I was installed a student at the Charlestown Academy with about seventy scholars, more than three fourths of whom, were young gentlemen, and some of them over their majority. Lincoln Lear, the son of Col. Tobias Lear,¹ U. S. Consul at Tripoli, and I were the smallest and youngest at the school, and my sister Margaret went to the female Academy directly opposite across the street; under the tuition of Miss Angelica Collins, assisted by the Rev. Christopher Collins, her brother, The Master Collins, who in Westmoreland had educated my older brothers and sisters. The principal of the male Academy was the Rev. John Mines, a Presbyterian clergyman, a finished scholar and the best man for his position I ever knew. The Institution was gotten up and patronized by the best men in the town and neighborhood. It had a board of trustees of twelve members and George Stephen Washington, a nephew of Gen. Washington, was the President of the Board, and two other nephews, Samuel Washington and Lawrence A. Washington, were members. The board had its tri-weekly meetings regularly attended for examination, and all the members of the board held positions and character, for learning talents and high standing, which justly gave them great might and influence with the students and inspired a laudable ambition to learn and stand well in their classes, and no institution for the number of its students, in the same time, turned out so many men, distinguished in the learned professions, as well as in war and politics.

Adam's standing army was stationed at Harpers Ferry at the time I first went to the Charlestown Academy, and my brother, George, and a man named Webb, were in merchandising under the firm of Webb & Brown. Webb was a black-cockade John Adams Federalist, and my brother George, was a Jeffersonian States right Republican. Through Federal influence, Webb was

¹General Washington's private secretary

appointed sutler to the army at Harpers Ferry, and had a store at that place, and my brother George had the store in Charlestown, but being one concern they mutually attended to each store; and as Harpers Ferry was only eight miles from Charlestown, they alternately attended at either place. When released from school duties, I often went to Harpers Ferry with my brother, and remained from Friday evening till Monday morning. The Commander at that post was Col. Thomas Parker, a Connecticutan, and the second in command was Major Cass. On one occasion of my visit I met with Lewis Cass, a son of Major Cass, who had come from Wilmington in Delaware to see his father. Altho he was much stouter and some three years my senior, we became very intimate as boys usually do, particularly about a military post where there are not many boys to associate with on an equal footing, and here I will make a digression to relate an anecdote of a subsequent meeting nearly sixty years after. In 1858 I was in the city of Washington while Gen. Cass was Secretary of State under the Administration of President Buchanan - I had never seen Mr. Cass to speak to him since our Harpers Ferry acquaintance, and only had seen him at a distance from the galleries of the Senate Chamber when he was U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania as I casually passed through Washington. On the occasion now referred to, I fell in with my acquaintance Governor Willard of Indiana, who proposed that we should go together to pay our respects to President Buchanan at the White House, and altho I had no political respect for the President politically, I consented to go; and returning by the State Department, I proposed to call on Gen. Cass. When we entered the department, he was alone and Governor Willard introduced me as, "Gov. Brown of Florida". Mr. Cass immediately replied, "Oh, I remember Mr. Brown very well. We were acquaintances when boys at Harpers Ferry."

I said, "Yes, General, I remember our acquaintance when boys very well, but did not suppose you had retained a remembrance of it" - "Yes," he said, "I have a full recollection of it, I was some three years older than you. I was seventeen years old and you about fourteen. I had been keeping a grammar school in Wilmington in Delaware and went to Harpers Ferry to see my father, Major Cass, who had temporary command at that place at that time." This was true, I had entered my fourteenth year in October and our acquaintance was formed in November 1799. He was very cordial and pressed me to dine with him.

To return from my digression. This was during the great political contest between the Federal and Republican parties for the Presidency in the time of the alien and sedition laws, when the two great parties were organized. The Federal Party, contending for a construction of the Constitution which would give to the Federal government stronger powers, and was feared would lead to a consolidated government, and the Republican Party contending for a strict construction of the Constitution, and state supremacy. Party excitement ran high and raged with great violence and bitterness. In regard to these parties, much inflamed by the French Revolution, Gen. Washington took a neutral position. But, in John Adams' French War, as it was called, Gen. Washington accepted the appointment of Lt. General, which office had been created by especial act of Congress which made him Commander-in-Chief of Adams' standing army and which was unpopular with the Republican Party. During this party excitement the ~~extraordinary~~ astounding intelligence was received of the death of Gen. Washington at Mount Vernon on the 14th day of December 1799. It fell like a death pall

on the whole community - It was a great National Calamity, especially at that period of political affairs - but it was more particularly so about Charlestown, where a very large proportion of his relations were then living. Col. Charles Washington, after whom the town was named owned the land on which it was built and surrounded and all the large estates for several miles around the town were owned and occupied by descendents of his family, and the widow of Col. Charles Washington was then living in the vicinity of the town. All, young and old, were clad in the habiliments of mourning. The churches, school rooms and halls of public meetings were all draped in black. On the 22nd of February 1800, the birthday of Gen. Washington, his funeral was solemnized with great civic and military demonstrations at Harpers Ferry. The whole standing army was arrayed at that post, and people from all parts of the Union were present. The procession was most imposing. The ground was covered with snow and from the adjacent country only, there were over three hundred and fifty slays in the procession, exclusive of carriages and other vehicles.

The year 1800 was the year of the first and most violent political contest of a Party character since the organization of the government. Adams, the incumbent of the Presidency, and the head of the Federal Party, and Mr. Jefferson was the nominee of the Republican Party for President, and Col. Burr for Vice President. The canvass was a most ardent and excited one. There were no neutrals, all ages and sex, from ten years old and upwards, were enlisted in it. It entered the Academy and all the students were politicians and partizans - indeed, a majority of them were young men verging on manhood and connected with wealthy and influential families. But the youngest, of which I was one, had formed their party opinions, and

were not backward in expressing them. All my relations were Republicans and I was one. The regulations of the trustees, and the Rules of the Institution, forbade any of the students visiting hotels, taverns or grog shops - and the counting room of my brother George, being large, and my brother an unmarried man, was the place of general resort for the students of the Republican party to hear the news and to talk politics. When the votes of the states had been sufficiently ascertained to render it certain that the Republican ticket was elected by a decided majority, the excitement became tremendous on both sides - rejoicing among the Republicans and "curses deep and loud" among the Federals; and threats that Mr. Jefferson should never be the President. Col. Burr was the next man in popularity to Mr. Jefferson - and in so heated a contest there was no neutral ground. Every man that voted for Mr. Jefferson for President, voted for Col. Burr for Vice President, and in casting the votes in the State Electoral College, they were given for Thomas Jefferson, and for Aaron Burr, without designating the respective offices, so that they received the same number of votes. The Constitution provided in the election of President and Vice President, the candidate who had the highest number of votes should be the President, and the candidate who had the next highest, should be the Vice President. They had each the same number of votes. The question was then sprung - "Who is President?" Col. Burr was assured by the Federal Party that if he would contend for the advantage he had by this inadvertance of the electors, and carry the election into the House of Representatives, all the Federal members of Congress would vote for him, which with his own popularity and the patronage, he could wield as President, would insure his election. His ambition was too strong for honor and patriotism - he caught at the bait - fell - and died a double traitor.

It was declared there was no election of President by the people, and Congress had to decide by a vote of states which of the three highest candidates should be the President. On the first ballot sixteen states voting, Mr. Jefferson received the votes of eight states, Col. Burr, six states, and two states were tied or divided. The balloting continued for a week, with no important results. Mail facilities at that day were very imperfect and altho only fifty miles from the Federal City, the people of Charlestown could only hear from the seat of the National Government once in a week. The anxiety and excitement were intense. I often heard grey headed patriots and wise statesmen declare that the government was at an end. The Federalists declared if Mr. Jefferson was elected we would be sold to Bonaparte, and become colonies of France - and the Republicans said if the Federalists could not carry their point in making it a consolidated government by ~~consolidation~~ construction, their object was to destroy the government and go back into colonial vasallage to Great Britain. Regular expresses were employed by the gentlemen for the whole week of balloting - one to leave Washington every night and arrive in Charlestown the next morning. Accounts had been received up to the thirty-fifth ballot taken later at night on the third day of March, without any result, or the least prospect of a favorable result. If no President was elected before the 4th day of March, the government would be desolved and thrown into a state of anarchy. Such was the public talk and prediction. All hung upon the issue of a few short hours. Public excitement had increased to a point of agony. Before ten o'clock on the 4th day of March in the morning an express was seen coming at full speed having broken down some half dozen horses. If an earthquake had ruined the town the houses could not sooner have been

abandoned by the people in them - all rushed into the streets - The News - The News - The thirty sixth ballot had taken place at half past eleven o'clock on the night of the 3rd of March - and one Federal member of Congress, who at the last moment loved his country more than party, had given way and cast his vote for Mr. Jefferson, which carried one of the divided states for Mr. Jefferson, giving him nine states - and a majority of the whole - and made him President. My ^{impression} ~~information~~ is that the state was New Hampshire, and the members name, Shaw - I may be mistaken, after the lapse of sixty-three years, and written entirely from memory and my impressions at the moment. I will not attempt to describe the effect of this news upon the people of the villiage of Charlestown and the neighborhood. I will only describe what the Academy boys did. They assembled forthwith at the counting room of my brother, George, about forty in number, all Jeffersonian Republicans, many of them of the stature of men and men of fortune and who afterwards held high positions under the Republican administration. My brother had a hogs head of London Porter in bottles, which was rolled out and a sufficient number or more, probably, of capable servants were put into service, washing tubs were gathered and filled with water from the pump, and loaves of sugar broken in ~~the~~ and the Porter bottles emptied and well stirred, and with tin cups all hands turned into drinking Portuce, and as fast the tubs were filled, they were emptied; and as soon as emptied they were filled - and such a carouse never happened before or since. Of course, there were speeches and toasts without number, and all was good humor and rejoicing. No notice was ever taken of it by the President or the Trustees, and all went off quietly, but in one instance. One of our number was Samual Marks, the only son of John Marks, a very wealthy man of Shepherds Town, a black

coade John Adams Federalist. He was so much enraged at the circumstance that he disinherited him, altho he was over 21 years old at the time, and did not speak to him for two years after. But Sam had some means of his own and many friends, and stuck to his Republican principles, and after a while the old man forgave him and took him again into his confidence.

During the time I went to the Academy I lived in the family of my Brother, William. His wife was Miss Sally Hammond, the only daughter of Henry Hammond of Belfast, an independent gentleman of the Irish Episcopalians, who with his sons, were implicated in the United Irish Rebellion, with Emmet and Sampson and others, and came to America. The oldest son, John Hammond, settled in Baltimore, in merchandize, and soon became very wealthy by the increase of real estate in that city. The old gentleman soon died after he came to this country and the two other sons and the daughter came to Charlestown. James married a lady who owned a large plantation on the Shannandoah River, on which he made intensive improvements, and lived hospitably. Capt. Thomas Hammond, the youngest son, married Miss Mildred Washington, daughter of Col. Charles Washington of Charlestown and niece of Gen. Washington. He was a fine specimen of an Irish gentleman. My brother, William, having married his sister, joined him in merchandize as the firm of Hammond & Brown. My sister Sally, as I always called her, and loved her, was a kind and affectionate sister to me in every respect. Her constitution was delicate, her skin was as white as alabaster, showing the blue veins. She had a fine intelligent, well-shaped face, and great flow of spirits and cheerfulness, was fond of young associates, of which she had some dozen or more of young unmarried ladies, who were great favorites, and some of them were always with her. She was a model housekeeper. It may be truly

said of her, that she had a place for everything and everything in its place. Altho the house was always full of young company, there never was disorder or confusion, and she never was, to use a woman's term, "put out." She was always cheerful and always at home in her household affairs. As an illustration of her system of order and regularity, she had a particular cup and spoon for each child. She lost her third child, a fine boy, less than a year old, and his cup and spoon to my knowledge, was put aside as a sacred relic, and never used for any purpose during her life. She possessed the spirit and the principles of the educated Irish of good Episcopal families. If she did not carry her heart in her hand, as her chivalrous countrymen have the reputation, she gave the evidence of a heart of the truest mould, in its irradiation of her fine expressive countenance, when her sympathies were called on. She had no guile or dissimulation, but always expressed her opinions, promptly and candidly, but never ~~was~~ rudely or offensively. She was a general favorite with ladies particularly, married and unmarried, but never encouraged admiration from gentlemen, or any particular attention. The marriage of her brother, Capt. Thomas Hammond, with the niece of Gen. Washington, was regarded as a wonderful success for a foreigner, and an Irishman, but to those who knew Capt. Hammond it was not so remarkable. He was a man of unusual appearance, in figure, form and manner, as well as an educated accomplished gentleman and a man of high integrity of character. Miss Washington's health was delicate, and he made her a most devoted and attentive husband, within my knowledge, for I was as intimate in her family as my brothers. Their first son was baptized, "Charles Henry," after the maternal and paternal grandfathers, and died before it was a year old. A short time before its death, my brother,

William's first son was born, and called Henry Hammond after his maternal grandfather, and when they lost their son, they desired that "Charles" should be added to the name of my brother's son, so as to take the name of both, and he was so baptized, which accounts for his long name.

Mrs. Hammond died in a few years with consumption without raising a child. Miss Washington was a delicate hot-house plant and Capt. Hammond seemed determined the next time to get a wife raised to country life, and accordingly, to the surprise of all his friends, he married Miss Nancy Collins, the daughter of old Master Collins, who had educated all my brothers - a rosey healthy girl of over twenty years old - but who never had associated in his circle and with whom it was not supposed he had any acquaintance. She made him an excellent wife, but he was still unfortunate. Several of his children died young. On an occasion of a visit to Charlestown I dined with him on what was then called, "Hammond's Hill," in sight of the town, where he had planned to build a fine house. He had two likely boys, eight and ten years old on whom he doted, there was a younger one, but these two boys were his pets and play-fellows. They could follow him about his plantation. His wife looked healthy and well, and they were glad that I was with them for we were intimate friends, tho they were much my senior. I had scarcely returned home when I received the shocking intelligence that both those fine boys had died in a most heart-rending manner, from eating pok-root, for parsnips, and that Capt. Hammond had fallen dead at the door of a friend in Charlestown, broken-hearted. I believe he never raised but one child, Doctor Washington Hammond.

My brother, James, was married about the same time of my brother, William, to Miss Eleanor Rutherford, the youngest and thirteenth daughter

of Robert Rutherford, extensively known as "Old Robin Rutherford," a very remarkable man. He wore his beard without shaving for many years, as a Religious sect called the Dunkards, and was called a Dunkurd or Tunkard. It was said he made a vow not to shave his beard until he punished a man who had injured him, but who died before he fulfilled his vow - and he never shaved his beard after. He was about eighty years old when I knew him, and was in many respects a very remarkable man. He had been a member of Congress from the district of Virginia in which he lived for many years, and was a great friend and supporter of Mr. Jefferson - a man of learning and an explorer of the western wilderness before the days of Daniel Boone. My brother, James, lived with him at the Flowing Springs near Charlestown when I went to school at the Academy - or rather the old people - for his wife was living - lived at the old residence near the springs, and my brother, James and his wife lived in another house across the road to the mill. The old man was an invalid when I knew him, having dislocated his hip by a fall from his saw mill, and never left his room, consequently Mrs. Rutherford always remained with him and rarely dined at my brother's house. They oftener dined with the old folks and as I generally went to the springs on Saturdays and staid until Monday mornings, I became a great favorite with the old gentleman. He had in a room adjoining his chamber the best collection of books I had ever seen, principally of old British classics, and as I had a great propensity to dive into old books, he would allow me admission into that room, and as I became initiated untraced into that room, I lost all taste for hunting and other amusement which had entered me to the country. I soon found out the works of Stearne, Fielding Fennelon and others. Trystem

Shandy, Don Quixote and Tom Jones etc., I had a particular fancy for - and would remain hid in that room all day pouring over such books and sometimes laugh to myself, which he would sometimes hear and call to know what I was laughing about - and make me bring to him the book, and was not a little surprised that I had a taste for such writings or could understand the wit of them. These circumstances raised me greatly in his favor, and he began to regard me as a very uncommon boy, and would permit me to take to town on Monday mornings any book I wanted to read through the week, which was a favor he granted to very few, and I made it a rule to carry to him the book when I returned it to let him see the condition in which I returned it. Another incident established his partiality for me and caused him to believe that I would make a considerable man. Mr. Jefferson when in Paris, sent to him the seed of the tomato, which was then being used in France for culinary purposes, which he had cultivated and would have regularly served for dinner, altho none but he and I would eat them, and I believe that we were the first that ever ate tomatoes in America. He had a fine old horse he thought nearly thirty years old named, Fox, that had been his companion and friend in all his rambles in the unsettled west, and who at that time was free from service. As he was not able to ride him, he permitted noone else, nor even permitted a hair to be drawn from his mane or tail. But I became so great a favorite that he would even sent Fox for me on Friday evenings or Saturday mornings, as my school hours would suit, to bring me to the Flowing Springs, and carry me back on Monday mornings, by which privilege Fox and I became great friends. I was kind and gentle to him, never attempting to run him or to ride him hard, but indeed he was too smart for me to play with him any such juvenile tricks. He generally had his own pace

to suit his own convenience and the ground over which he had to go, and my policy consisted only in understanding him. He was indeed a very smart horse. Mr. Rutherford considered that there was no brute like Fox. He often told me anecdotes of himself and Fox. He said he had come to think that Fox could be taught anything but talking and climbing trees, and on one occasion he thought that Fox could actually climb trees. He was making his way ~~in~~ one afternoon through an unsettled part of the west to a villiage or stand some distance off, and fearing he would be belated, for a short cut, he took up the margin of a river, and after pursuing his course up the stream between the high banks of the river and the water's edge, they drew so closely together as completely to hem him in, and he was brought to the alternative of retracing his, or Foxes, steps back or to ascend the high banks overhanging him, which were indeed formidable. After holding a council with Fox and finding him in a humor to make the adventure, they undertook the ascent. Fox went at it with a spirit and made wonderful progress. He would carefully place one foot around the body of a sapling and with the other catch hold on a root, and so work on, while he encouraged him, until they had hearly reached the brink. Fox had cautiously taken hold with his foot of a strong safe looking root which would land them safely above, and he had just cried out, "Well done, Fox, we are safe," when the root snapped and down he and Fox came into the river below. That satisfied him that Fox could not safely be trusted to climb trees with a man on his back.

Mr. Robert Rutherford was the head of the most numerous and influential family connection in all the valley of the Shannandoah, having had no sons he left none of his own name. His brother Thomas Rutherford, whom I remember well, lived just below the Flowing Springs, and had only one son,

Col. Van Rutherford, from whom the Rutherfords in the valley descend. I believe that all the thirteen daughters of Robin Rutherford married and had large families. I was acquainted in the families of the most of them. The Peytons, McQuins and Conrads of Frederick and Sparta Counties. The Hites, Luites Morrows, Bedingers, David Criaghills of Berkley and Jefferson Counties, and last and not least in number, the Browns, my brother James married the youngest daughter and lived with the father and mother at the Flowing Springs as long as they lived, but in separate houses, which arrangements suited all parties best. Mrs. Rutherford had her own household establishment, and as Mr. Rutherford, when I knew them, was an invalid, he required her personal attention which was not unremitting. My brother's family was daily with them, and often took their meals with them, yet they kept entire separate households. My brother, James, superintended the plantation and the mills, and all pecuniary transactions. My brother James wife was not a woman of very striking appearance - not quite up to the medium standard in size, she was a little inclined to stoop. She might be called a brunette, and without any pretensions to beauty in the common application of that term, but she had the smartest and most intelligent face I ever looked upon. Intelligence, benevolence and a reverence for religion, was expressed in every feature and deliniation of her countenance; and her smile was heavenly, if I have ever had any right conceptions of what is heavenly and angelic and her voice was as sweet and musical as her smile was angelic. I was generally called, "Tom," but she would call me "Thomas" and with such a smart cadance and intonation as made me proud when she pronounced my name. She was a woman unquestionably of a high order of talents and her acquirements, and a true Christian in the whole of ~~his~~ her life and conduct,

in her family and with her neighbors.

In the regulations of the two institutions, the members of the male Academy were not permitted to cross the street on the side of the Female Academy, and the girls on the female side were not to cross to the side of the male academy - but as "love laughs at lock smiths," this rule was not long without innovation. The young men would billets-doux and bind them around a piece of rock or stone and from the upper story windows of the Academy throw them across the street where the young ladies could go out and get them - and in the same way, answer them. This mode of correspondence was not long practiced before the vigilant eye of Miss Angillica detected it, - and a rigid investigation followed. But as nothing of a criminal nature was established, or rather, as the President and Trustees of the Male Academy did not view those little matters between the pupils of the two institutions in the same light that Miss Angillica viewed them. She determined to take her school beyond the reach of a stones throw from the male Academy; and accordingly she moved her school to the plantation of her brother, the Rev. Christopher Collins, some four miles out of Charlestown, where she continued it to her death. My sister Margaret did not follow Miss Collins' school into the country, and soon after married Mr. Robert Fulton, who was clerk with Hammond & Brown, and when they dissolved co-partnership bought them out and carried on the business in Charlestown.

The Rev. John Hines, a Presbyterian clergyman was the principal of the academy and was certainly one of the best of men. He had the noblest talents for the management of boys, in acquiring their love and respect and in stimulating in them a laudable pride and ambition. I do not believe that ~~at~~ the use of the rod was prohibited in the school, but no instance

of its use, even occurred whilst I was there, and I am sure that its infliction would have been regarded as an indelible disgrace by the youngest boy in the school of some seventy young men. All had to be present in the recitation room at the proper hour morning and evening to prayers, after which the higher classes dispensed to their respective rooms, or in the grove as suited them best, and only appeared for recitation or to ask some question of difficulty. The smaller boys who remained in had ushers or under teachers to attend to them. But if Mr. Mines saw that they were dull or sleepy he would take them all out into the grove and grounds around the Academy and join with them in some play or athletic game for half an hour or so, and then take them back to their studies fresh and invigorated. Mr. Mines preached every Sunday at the Presbyterian Church, and the students were fond of going to hear him, but there were no restrictions and the boys of Episcopal families went over a mountain to the old Stone Church, a mile or so from town to hear the Rev. McHeath, who had his regular clerk to assist him in the service, a lively old man named Johnny Stevens, and we had a pew provided near the pulpit to join in the responses. At the close of every session of five months, there was a public exhibition of plays and orations, and the students constituted a thespian corps that in tragedy, comedy and farce would have been credible on any stage, and great public spirit was manifested in the encouragement of these exhibitions, and the sword given by the King of Prussia to Gen. Washington was worn by the hero of the play. This sword was left by Gen. Washington to his nephew, George Stephen Washington, who was one of the trustees of the Academy and took great interest in ~~the~~ its success. The sword was of the finest Damascus steel. The hilt was of solid gold. The blade was highly polished

from the point up about two thirds and bright, the rest of the blade was Damascus blue inlaid in letters of gold on one side, "George Washington," and on the other, "From the oldest King to the greatest General." Young men in the higher classes were allowed to write their own orations subject to the correction of the board of trustees. Launcelot Lee had written an oration which the trustees complimented highly, and in his rehearsals he was very successful. He was a young man of fine talents and promise and rather vain of them. When it came to his turn to make his speech he neglected to hand his copy to the prompter and the prompter reminded him of it, but having repeated it so often in private rehearsals he was confident and stepped out on the stage in the presence of an audience of five thousand persons in broad daylight, and went on happily for some time, so as to elicit great applause. When he came to a full balk, became confounded, and had to walk off the stage. The mortification was great with all his friends. He was more than twenty one years old, of the highest family in the state. It was the custom of the citizens of the town to give the students a Ball on Exhibition night. That night Launcelot Lee did not appear at the Ball. The next day I met him coming down the street without a hat and a Bible open on his head and a hickory pole in his hand for a cane as long as he was tall, and he was six feet high and a very fine looking man. He was mad - and never recovered a rational moment. He had a large estate, lived to be an old man, was harmless but never recovered his reason.

After Hammond & Brown dissolved their co-partnership my brother William entered into co-partnership with a quaker by the name of Smedley in the flour and shipping business in Alexandria and moved with his family to that place in 1802. I was then in my seventeenth year, although I was generally considered

to be about thirteen. Shorts, or knee britches had been in full fashion, but was now in the wane, altho; generally worn by elderly gentlemen. My brother William had a pair of very fine white cassimere made to fit as tight as the skin for dress occasions, but washing had so shrunken them that he could not get into them and as they would fit me to a "T", my sister Sally made me a present of them, without considering the appropriateness of my wearing them. The first Sunday after our arrival in town, I took a notion in my head to produce a sensation and accordingly I dressed myself up in the shorts and white silk stockings and slippers and my hair tied behind with a black ribbon. I did not powder because I had none of the articles at my toilet, but if I had, I would only have been in true fashion with elderly gentlemen of that day. None other of the family went to church being their first sabbath in a new place. There was a church across an open square nearly opposite to my brothers residence, so at the ringing of the bell I marched off, alone, to church and entered an expecting a door or more of some pew to be opened as an invitation to enter, but no door opening I retired and went up into the gallery, and from a pew filled with boys a hand beckoned to me and the door opened and I entered and took a seat, but I soon discovered indication which did not please me, winks and pointings at my shorts, which became too plain for me to permit to pass unnoticed. So I got up with something of indignation in my manner and walked out of the pew and seated myself on a bench some distance back where I sat until the service was over and then went down, but I had not reached the gate to the wall which enclosed the church before I had a train of boys after me in

-Oh! the pretty little man! What a pretty little man!

and a thousand such exclamations, which I heeded not - I had been too well

raised to be concerned in a row on Sunday, and swallowing my anger I made my way through the open square home and over in my room. I was soon striped of the shorts and the silk stockings and I can truthfully say that it was my first and my last appearance in shorts and silks. The next morning after breakfast, going to the counting room of Brown & Smedley on Water Street, at a well I passed a squad of boys, when one sung out - Oh, here is the little man! Little man, where did you come from? The words had hardly escaped his lips before they were saluted with my fist plump in his mouth, and a regular fight ensued. My antagonist had the advantage of me in size, but I had the advantage in age. They were all honorable and gave me a fair chance and when I would seem to have the advantage would cry out Hurra! little man! which only increased my ire, and after a hard fight my antagonist cried "Please" and I was conqueror; which I thought seemed to raise me in the estimation of the other boys and they came around me in a sort of congratulatory manner. But one boy much stouter than the boy I had whipped and in a manner that did not please me said, "Well! If you choose to dress like a man, we have a right to laugh at you for it." And by the time he uttered the ~~next~~ sentence my fist was plump between his teeth and we had the hardest fight on the occasion. He was the largest boy of the crowd and I think did not expect me to strike him for his impudence. He was over me in weight and age. But I fought with a spirit which had no yielding in it, and I mastered him, and in a moment I was a hero. I was the favorite. He had domineered over the smaller boys and all were pleased to see him whipped. I never had any occasion to fight afterwards whilst I lived in Alexandria. Most of these boys were subsequently my school fellows, but none ever presumed to call me "a pretty little man." The next week following these important events

attendant upon my introduction to citizenship in Alexandria I was entered as a pupil in the private academy of an old scotchman named Daniel McLean, a real hard case who fully believed that knowledge was only to be obtained at the little end of the rod, well applied. This school room was a semi-circle arranged in the form of an ampitheatre, his desk or seat being the centre of the line that divided the circle so that he could see every face in the room by the glance of his eye around the semi-circle. There he sat with his rods on the table before him, and if caught any one of the scholars looking at him the second time as if watching him, without saying a word, he got up with one of the rods in his hand and walked right up to the offender and inflicted some ten or a dozen lashes and returned to his seat; no word was ever spoken, no explanation given, for the punishment. I soon understood him and as he was an object not very desirable to look upon, I determined that looking at him should be no cause for his punishing me; and as I was disposed to study my lesson and ambitious to stand well in my class, I never raised my eyes towards him and when my class was called up to recite I generally passed pretty well and soon got to the head and maintained my position and he soon began to think that I was a smart boy and to pay me some lean compliments, but I am sure that he never spoke twenty words directly to me, and that I never directed the half of that number to him the whole time I went to his academy, but I never received the application of his rods and as this was the last school I ever went to I can say that I never received a stripe from a school teacher, or anyone else, as punishment in my life within my knowledge or remembrance.

The two boys with whom I had the fights were pupils at McLeans Academy when I went to that school and were my warm friends. The large one was

particularly so, but in a patronizing manner. He was the son of Col. Peyton on Shooters Hill near Alexandria, a family of wealth living in great style, having the reputation of pride and arrogance. Certainly a family of great respectability in which I subsequently had an introduction and acquaintance through this young gentleman, and since I lived in Florida on the occasion of a visit to the north about the year 1855 at the St. Nicholas Hotel in the city of New York a Mrs. Margaret Russell caused herself to be introduced to me and I recognized her as one of the youngest daughters of Col Peyton of Shooters Hill near Alexandria with whom I became more particularly acquainted in the War of 1812 when Gen. Hungerford's army was stationed at that place. She had daughters with her and was moving in considerable style. I think she said their residence was then in Missouri. The smallest one was a good warm hearted fellow and would have done anything for me and was generally my companion on all hazardous undertakings. It happened that a schooner called the "Betsey" belonging to Templeman & Brown of Westmorland and in the trade from the Nomoni River was sent to Alexandria for repairs at the old fort just below the town and in sight of McLeans Academy. She had a beautiful yawl well rigged, which the Captain, whom I knew well, put into my charge whilst the schooner was undergoing repairs. This was my pleasure boat on all occasions when I could get out of school, and particularly on Saturdays and sometimes on Sunday. I would cross over to Maryland to get blackberries and other fruit, and this boy was generally my fellow and companion in the management of the boat, at which we both considered ourselves very skillful. We often had sailing races with other boats in which our boat generally proved to be the best sailor, indeed we became to think that she had not her superior. One morning we were crossing over to

Maryland just as a large ship was coming up the river with all sails boomed out before a good six knot breeze. We were running by the wind under a pretty close haul which was the very trim for us, and we determined to cross her under her bows. But just as we got under the bowsprit, when the swell she carried before her was just coming down on us, the wind left our sails and we stopt still. The sailors on the ship seeing our situation rushed forward expecting to see us go under, but as "naught is never in danger," we had headway enough. When the wind was taken out of our sails to pass the swell made by the ship, which swerved to push us ahead and saved us. As we swung by one of the sailors who were looking over at us sung out, "Now d-_____n your eyes, try that again." But we had no wish to make another experiment. We had not reflected that a large ship like that running dead before the wind would when we got under her bows take all the wind from us and it was a miracle we were saved.

When ever school hours allowed of it I was generally rambling about the town by myself and particularly about the wharves and shipping. Alexandria being situated on the river below the falls, all of her wharves were built of hughed logs into the water so near the channel so that large ships could lie along side of them, the whole of Water Street being made land. This process was going on up the river, a line of hughed logs about ten inches wide had been run across a cove to a point up the river a distance of some hundred yards and the work of filling up was then in progress. I had been on this occasion to the upper ferry at Brockett and returning for a short cut I walked across as I had often done before, this line of logs. Just at this time there was a large ship warping into the wharf below where the logs joined. The stern of the ship had touched the wharf

and her bow was up the river in a diagonal line to the wharf. At the time the tide was running out with great rapidity, passing between the bow of the ship and the wharf, and under her. Just as I stepped from the log to the main wharf, gazing at the sailors hauling in the bow of the ship, I stepped heedlessly on a shingle my foot slipped and I was precipitated down a distance of eight or ten feet, head foremost into the water and went like a fish right under the ship. I recollect the circumstances distinctly. I remember the rushing sound of the water in my ears as the tide impelled me on, was sensible of my back rubbing against the keel of the ship as I passed under, of my fear that I might be stopped there and no one would know my situation. When I turned up, of the appearance of light above me, as the light spot where the sun is behind the clouds in a drissilly day, and of my shooting up, half my length above the water. The first thing I saw was two men getting into a boat, but I sprung forward and swam around the bow of the ship to the place where I was precipitated from, stuck my fingers and toes into the crevisses of the logs and was on the wharf before the men in the boat got along side. I do not suppose the whole occupied one minute of time. The people on the ship said it was done so quickly that they were only sensible of seeing something white fall into the water which they supposed was a woman. I had on a white linning coat and marks of tar from the bottom of the ship was on the back. They all agreed that it was a very wonderful escape, usually there is a suction under the sides of a ship which hold things under her. They attributed my escape to the great rapidity of the tide at the moment rushing between the wharf and the bow of the ship and passing under her strong enough to overcome the usual suction. Another thing was remarkable, I never was much of a swimmer

and never attempted to swim except when I was compelled by necessity, yet I did not wait for the boat, but swam around the bow of the ship and got on the wharf before the boat could get to me with perfect confidence. The sailors said I was a bold little fellow and could swim as well as a porpoise. This was the second time in a month or so of my escape from a watery grave by a protecting providence of whose care boys are so little conscious.

After the election of Mr. Jefferson my brother, George, received an appointment in the Navy Department, and lived near the Navy Yard. I often went up from Alexandria to see him. There were then no public departments built near the White House. Pennsylvania Avenue was laid out and planted with four rows of Lombardy Poplars down to Capital Hill. The Capitol consisted at that time of two round brick buildings. One for the House of Representatives and the other for the U. S. Senate, and around them, enclosing both houses, had commenced the original plan of the National Capitol. Washington was then called the "Federal City." Between the Capitol and the Navy Yard, a distance of more than two miles, was an unbroken wood full of ravines and gullies, and a very indifferent road to the Navy Yard. My brother boarded at the Navy Yard, or rather on the hill outside of the walls, at a tavern kept by an Irishman named David Dobbins, the best hotel at that day in the city of Washington. The members of Congress and officers in the public departments boarded in Georgetown or Alexandria or at the Navy Yard with Dobbins. Some years after a hotel was built on Capital Hill called, "Stills," which was considered a great affair until Gadsby built the National Hotel.

Mr. Jefferson rode on his pony to the Navy Yard almost every day; I have often met him, and he would stop and talk with me. He had a magnificent

horse which he would occasionally ride, and on military parades I have seen him review the militia in Alexandria on general muster days, and on that horse he had a very martial appearance. But on the pony - a low square built animal, he had much the appearance of an old farmer.

My brother, George, obtained for me a mid-shipman's warrant to go out in the United States Ship Philadelphia, then fitting at the Navy Yard to sail to the Meditaranean - but my brother, William, would not let me accept it. The Navy at that day stood very low and brother William regarded it as a school for vice, and would not allow me to go to ~~for~~ it. When the ship passed Alexandria on her destined voyage, I walked after down to the old Fort below Alexandria, and when she passed out of my sight I returned crying as if I had lost all my hopes on earth. This was the ship captured by the Algerians and burnt in the port of Tripoli by Decatur and others. If I had gone in her, of course the history of my whole life would have been a very different one. So much was my heart fired on being a sailor that the ship Huntress went to sea a short time after from Washington to join the Philadelphia with tribute for the Algerians, and if I could have gotten on board of her I would have run off, altho; I had no midshipman's warrant in my pocket. Now I am disposed to think that "All was for the best."

George W. Park Custus of Arlington often came to Alexandria and generally rode a large cream colored horse that was said to be Gen. Washington's favorite horse. Custis was very unpopular in Alexandria, and many charges were made against him for mean avarice and speculating on reputation of the "Father of his Country." He was charged with offering to sell that favorite horse at an enormously high price - and with selling several hundred canes to old soldiers which he had cut out of the woods by the negroes of Mount Vernon, as favorite canes presented to General Washington, and particularly

a spice ship, said to have been presented to Gen. Washington by the Emperor of Morrocco. These charges may have been slanderous but certain it is that such a ship was offered for sale at public auction when I went to school in Alexandria and was such a rare curiosity as well might have been a royal present. It was about five feet long, from stem to stern, and sat on a very rich frame. It was shield, hull and deck, with plank made of cloves. The cloves were strung on thread of silk alternately large and small ends like plank the width of the length of the cloves and fastened on the framework. She was said by old tars to be a first rate model, and pierced for thirty six guns. Her masts and yards were of ~~iron~~ ivory, her sails of the finest lawn or linen cambruk, her running rigging of silk cord and her pully black of ebony. She was well manned and all of her men were ingeniously made of cloves. She was completely and fully rigged and filled out as a ship of War. The cloves gave her hull a very peculiarly rough but not ungraceful appearance. She was sent to the auction room of Philip G. Kastiller, a noted auctioneer, and was put up at public outcry on every regular auction day for several months, and I do not think there was ever a bid made for her. There was often hisses and I have heard Custis abused for his averace and meanness, though it may have been unjustly, I do not think such a ship is mentioned in Washington's will. The sword from the King of Prussia is mentioned to George Stephen Washington and we always had it in the performance of our plays at the Charlestown Academy, but that there was such a ship offered for sale at Kastiller's auction room in Alexandria is positive. I was intimate with a clerk in the auction store and used to go and examine it and have seen it put up for sale and have heard the people abuse Curtis for offering to sell it and swear they would not bid for it. When the auction was over it would be put in a back lumber room

until the next sale day, and it continued so untill the sails became defaced and dirty and torn, and the masts broken, and finally a hole was was broken in the hull and finally it was put up for sale for the cloves and was bought by a man named Semms who kept a spice and fruit store on King Street, where I was in the habit of going to buy fruits and candies; and in the recess from school I used to help Semms to pull the cloves from the silk thread on which they were strung. Spices at that day were very costly. Cloves sold for a quarter of a dollar an ounce. Semms said they would not cost him more than that much a pound. The cloves did not loose their strength by exposure . So much for the spice ship from the Emperor of Morrocco. That there was such a ship is no fable.

In the year 1803 the private academy of McLean was closed, wheather by death, removal or otherwise I never understood. Most probably by the accumulation of incompetency, for it was a school which had a reputation and was of long standing and with it my school days closed and I went to live with Anthony Charles Cazinove, a large importing wholesale and retail merchant in French and Italian fancy goods and ~~jewell~~ jewelry. He emigrated to the United States with Albert Gallitin and was an intimate friend who often visited him. Great intimacy subsisted between my brother Williams family and the families of a few old importing merchants of Alexandria. Hugh Smith, a large importing china and glass merchant, Hodson of Wines, Cazinove, the Jennies, etc. In consequence of which I lived in Mr. Casenoves private family. His wife was a very accomplished lady of American family but spoke French fluently. They had five children, the oldest Miss Eliza Cazenove, was in her teens and nearly of my age. Mr. Cazinove, as I was assured, spoke pure Parisian French, and was visited by all the best French

families in Alexandria, Dr. Lambert and others, and foreign French gentlemen called on him. It was a rule at his table to allow nothing but French to be spoken, unless strangers were present, who could not speak French. He said his reason was to ground his children in correct pronunciation and accent and it was wonderful how easily his children even the youngest, could speak English or French. He spoke the English language without any foreign brogue or impediment, and Mrs. Cazinove spoke French, to my ear, with as much facility as he did. At first my situation at the table was very awkward, but in a little time I was surprised to see with what facility and ease I glided in to the rule and felt myself at home with the children and supposed I could speak as good French as any of them. One thing I noticed, that the servants of many French families who dealt with Mr. Cazinove, spoke a dialect which I could not understand at all, and I asked him the cause. They were all of the African race which he explained by saying they were negroes from the Provinces and Islands of France who spoke a corrupt and provincial dialect which he could not always understand himself. His merchantal correspondence and invoices were entirely in French and in a short time I so improved as to become his entire copying clerk, and he often praised me for my correctness in understanding and copying his correspondence. None of his other clerks lived in his family and one of them who was his confidential cash clerk was detected in applying small amounts of the money in his trust to his own use, and of making false entries to conceal his peculations. Although the amount thus abstracted was not large the circumstance caused him a good deal of unhappiness, for the young man was of respectable family and he had full confidence in him. After this circumstance I was made the cash clerk, settled the cash account

at night, made all deposits in bank and had charge of the bank book. I became a great favorite in the family and both he and Mrs. Cazenove regarded me as a son and treated me with all kindness. After the dismissal of the defaulting clerk, a brother of Mrs. Cazenove, John Hogan, came as a clerk in the store and of course lived in the family. He was older than I and a very good fellow but had not much a turn for business and afterwards got into the army and was a major in the War of 1812 when I fell in with him and on one occasion I travelled to Philadelphia with him.

Whilst I was living with Mr. Cazenove my brother William and his family went up to Charlestown to spend the fall months with their friends leaving the house which was pleasantly situated on the mall in charge of Dada George and Mama Lavinia and their younger children, and of course this was my resort whenever I could get away from the duties of the store, for they prepared every good thing for me, and although sixty years have passed over my head, I have not forgotten those good faithful creatures. Soon after my brother's family left Alexandria the Yellow Fever broke out of a very malignant type and the panic which it created in all classes was terrific and Mr. Cazenove determined to move his family and a part of his goods down the river to Dumfries, and I was sent off with authority to rent a store house and accommodations for his family. My arrival at the hotel in Dumfries when it became known in the town caused another great panic. The people assembled in crowds in the streets and the town authorities assembled to take steps to expell me and my horse from their borders. When I went into the streets no one would come in twenty feet of me, but with cigars in their mouths, old and young would take position to the windward of me and attempt to make inquiries but not understanding them if I attempted to

approach near, they would retreat and then I was a boy in my seventeenth year in a strange place, shunned by all, old and young, and if I had fallen in the streets no one would have approached me, but would have fled from me. But at length a noble youth about my age, the son of Mr. Brundage the postmaster, came manfully up to me and invited me to a room he had in the post office, and soon after other young men, his friends called on me, and by the next day the panic had passed over and I was no longer a lion in the path of any of the good people of Dumfries, being satisfied that the yellow fever could not be brought to that little villiage by me or the goods which were intended to be sent their from Alexandria. So the physicians and the council assembled determined, and I was accordingly permitted to go on and make my arrangements as instructed by Mr. Cazenove. After waiting a week or ten days for the arrival of the vessel with the goods and Mr. Cazenove's family, I received a letter from him saying that the disease was greatly mitigated and that it was the opinion of the physicians that there would be no further cause of alarm and that the people might return to their homes with impunity, and that he had ordered the goods which had all been shipped, to be relanded and taken back to the store and that I must make the best compromise I could in regard to the rents and other engagements and return back to Alexandria. I had returned to Alexandria but a few days when the yellow fever broke out with ten fold more violence and raged untill November about ten months. The deaths from fifty to sixty a day, in a population not exceeding five thousand, for all left the town who could. Mr. Cazenove was among the first taken after my return and I attended on him during his illness, the doctors permitting no one to enter his room but myself and one servant. His wife and children were not permitted to see him. As soon as

he became convalescent he with his wife and children were sent to the country and I went to my brother's residence which was in the least infested part of the town, where I ran at large, having no one to control or care for me, untill cold weather restored health to the devoted city. I then went to see my brother George who was still living at the Navy Yard, and afterwards married Miss Burch, a daughter of Capt. Burch for many years Sergeant at Arms of the lower House of Congress. He died leaving only one child named Templeman with whom some of you were acquainted. He died when he was about twenty one years old of consumption.

I then returned to Westmoreland to my relations whom I had not seen for about five years, intending to return to live with Mr. Cazenove, but I was induced to go into the store of Templeman & Brown at the Cross Roads to live with them and when I went back to Alexandria to get my trunk and take my leave of Mr. Cazenove and his family they were all greatly distressed and Mr. Cazenove made every offer not to leave him and when we parted it was in tears. I often visited him and Mrs. Cazenove and their kindness was always as if I had been their son.

My brother John who lived in Fredericksburg was a very fine looking young man of great athletic powers and much of a beard. One evening walking with a party of young people, a lady in the party expressed a desire to get a bunch of locust flowers which was pending high up over a sharp pointed pailing, and to gratify her he sprang up on the points of the pailings and grasped the coveted flowers, but the pailings gave way under him and two of the sharp points entered the calf of his leg, tearing and lacerating it in a shocking manner; from which he lingered for many months, but at length his wounds healed so much as to permit him to visit brother William in

Alexandria but he soon after died from the effect of his injuries in about the twenty second year of his age.

Although a country situation, the firm of Templeman & Brown did a very large and extensive business, not only in heavy supplies for the large plantations, but in the fashionable fancy goods business, and my brother Richard had a high reputation with the ladies for his taste and judgement in his selections of fashionable finery. The spring after I came to live with them, they received a large supply of fashionable finery; and the ladies for twenty miles or more around were coming in to get first choice. Among the parties was the "Lawfield family." The family of Judge Richard Parker, ~~was~~ an old and distinguished patriot of the Revolution, who had five sons in the War of the Revolution. Col. Richard Parker, who was killed at the seige of Charleston, and Capt. Alexander Parker and Capt. Thomas Parker, who commanded companies in his regiment, and Lts. John and William Parker in the Navy. This family held justly a distinguished position and privileges and with all, one of the ladies of the party, a young beautiful and rich widow, a neice of Gen. Alexander Parker, was the affianced of my brother Richard, and was admitted into the back rooms of the store when the goods were being unpacked, to make first choice. Chintzes in that day were fashionable, and the ladies made choice of several patterns; and after they had made their selections a sprightly little miss of the party just in her teens, made fancy to a figure different from all the other selections and would have a dress of that piece. The piece had not been opened. I cut the silk threads that held the foalds together and measuring off the dress I discovered what seemed to be the label which is usually pasted on goods on which the price is marked between the foalds and picked it up to save it, but found it was

a bank note and seeing a figure 5 I said here is a five dollar note and put it into my pocket. Being busily engaged all day I thought nothing more of the circumstance untill night, when I took the note out of my pocket and found it to be a fifty dollar note of the Bank of Alexandria. It was very clear the note did not belong to the house. How it got between the folds of the chintz was the mystery. I gave it to my brother and he made inquiries in Baltimore and Alexandria where the goods were purchased, but he could find no one to claim it, and nearly a year after he returned it to me as the rightful owner, and I said, "The first chance I get, I will lay it out in lottery tickets." I did lay it out in lottery tickets and drew a fifteen thousand dollar prize.

As there were some very singular circumstances attending the finding of the fifty dollar note and following after and which were much talked of with some exaggerations, I will here relate the whole story as truthfully as my memory will enable me, as a sort of episode or digression in this running history of my life.

The young miss for whom I was measuring the dress when I found the fifty dollar note was Petsy Simpson, a niece of Gen. Alexandria Parker of Yeocomico Neck and a cousin of Mrs. Sparks, whom my brother Richard married soon after, and of a consequence with whom I became intimately acquainted and made an engagement of marriage, but without any immediate expectation of consummating, for soon after I went to the city of Richmond to live where I had an opportunity to invest the waif fifty dollar note, which I laid out in one ticket each in five different lotteries, going on the principle of luck and a multiplication of chances. In the five lotteries, one was the Potomac and Shannandoah Navigation Lottery, of which my brother

James, who was a merchant and the Post Master in Shepherds Town on the Virginia side of the Potomac, was an agent for the sale of tickets in the lottery. The tickets which he sent me was No. 3333 and when I received the letter enclosing the ticket I made this reflection, "I have not much faith in this ticket," as luck would hardly be so formal as to drop down on four threes. It must be born in mind that lotteries in that day were conducted on the one number system and were years in their completion. So it was I thought not much more of the lottery tickets. Time ran on and I returned to Westmoreland and married "Miss Betsy Simpson," and went back to Richmond and farmed the Post Office of Dr. Fousher the Post Master, went to house keeping and was doing well and a happy father when one morning whilst I was busily engaged in my duties my brother Sam, who was living with me in the Post Office and was opening the Newspaper mail, called to me and asked if I had not a ticket in the Potomac and Shannandoah Navigation Lottery No. 3333, for it had drawn the \$15,000 dollar prize. I ~~was~~ went into no spasms, but went on in the business in which I was engaged with the simple remark that I had not relied on the ticket with four threes. It soon was noised about the city that I had drawn a large prize and I was called on in crowds to congratulate me and all were astonished that I was calmly attending to my duties. Well, I was not insensible to its importance to me in a pecuniary point of view, in enabling me to make my young and growing family more comfortable, and in doing more good in society. But I never for a moment supposed that it could enhance my worth or merits as a man or add to my importance. I soon discovered however that I was growing in importance in the eyes of many who had not discovered it untill this incident in my fortunes. I found that I had many friends and advisors of whom I had

not before been aware. I had frequent calls and invitations and offers of advice and assistance. The Lottery had not half finished its drawings, and might not - and indeed, did not close its drawings for a year after my prize was drawn; and which was payable sixty days after the close of the drawings and "there are many slips between the cup and the lip," -- Yet I had offers to advance on my ticket. One friend offered me \$8,000 cash down and run all risks, and some offered me more, but all this changed not the "even tenor of my way." I never relaxed for one moment the hard duties of my position in the Post Office. I accepted no invitations of new friends, was not seen more frequently in the streets or public places, and added no new expense to my establishment. The managers of the lottery wrote to me that the prize which I had drawn was a floating prize and coming out so early in the drawing was very much against the wheel and retarded the sale of tickets, and that I ought to take a book of one hundred tickets which would be a \$1,000 as part payment of the prize, to which I agreed and I sold the tickets which advanced in price as the lottery drew to a close - so that on that speculation I made something like \$100 and lost nothing by my liberality. Before the drawing of the lottery closed and the money was paid more than a year had rolled around, and in which time some singular reports got into circulation about a dream in regard to that ticket of "four threes" - 3333, and was told under various fashions and verified by reliable people and as there was evidently something singular in the dream and I was acquainted with all the parties and had an opportunity to inquire into it, I did so very particularly, and these are the facts, as I had them from my brother James who sent me the ticket and the lady who had the dream. The lady was Mrs. Ora Asquith. She was Miss Ora Moore, said

to be the most beautiful woman in that part of the county when I went to the Academy in Charlestown. She married Ned Asquith of Baltimore and intimate friend of my brothers, and a man of great popular wit and humor. Mrs. Moore, the mother of Mrs. Asquith, lived immediately opposite the store of my brother James in Shepherd's Town. On the occasion of this dream Asquith and his wife were on a visit to Mrs. Moore. One morning Mrs. Asquith told her husband that she wanted ten dollars. That she dreamed that a lottery ticket of the P & S Navigation lottery with four threes on it would draw a large prize. He had only a ten dollar gold piece which he gave to her. She ran across the street to my brother's store and asked him if he had a ticket with four threes on it. Tickets were bound in books of 100 tickets in a book and he found the book which contained that number which he cut out and handed to her and she cast the ten dollar gold piece on the counter in a manner which caused it to dance around for a moment, and by the time it had settled down she looked at the ticket and then at the gold piece, and then caught it up and threw down the ticket, saying, "I won't be such a fool as to give this pretty piece of gold for that bit of paper." My brother supposing that it was a sort of keep sake or pocket piece, for gold was a rare currency in that day, said, "Oh! That makes no difference, take the ticket. Ned can pay me any time." But she replied, skipping out of the store, "No! It's all a foolish dream." My brother, as I have remarked was Post Master, and the mail about this time had come in with my letter ordering a ticket, and that ticket, being cut out of the book was liable to be lost, so it was sent to me without any thought of the dream, lucky numbers, etc. These are the facts as I subsequently had them from my brother and from Mrs. Asquith, who frequently harried me with a claim for at least one half of the prize.

Of the five tickets bought with the \$50 found when measuring the dress for Miss Betsy Simpson, three drew prizes; a \$10, a \$20 and a \$15,000. Taking the whole chain of circumstances together it makes a very remarkable story, but not more so than may have happened in ordinary events a hundred times before.

I did not leave the Post Office on account of that piece of good fortune or relax in any of its hard duties, nor untill my health was entirely broken down and physicians ordered me to leave it to save my life. Nor did I spend money in trying my luck again. I never had a desire to get money without an adequate consideration, and never loved money so well as to do a discreditable act to obtain it. I sent the lottery ticket to my brother James, who drew the money in Georgetown when it was payable, and went into merchandize with him and my brother William in Shepherds Town under the firm of James and Thomas Brown and in Charlestown under the firm of William & Thomas Brown. On my way to Charlestown I heard of the declaration of war against England, ~~was~~ passed by Congress 18 June 1812. This changed all my plans and I sold out to my brothers and purchased Mount Ephraim in Fauquier County, Virginia, where I settled my family and went into the service.

I will ^{now} return to the narrative of my life. After the marriage of my brother Richard the copartnership of Templeman & Brown was dissolved and I went to Westmoreland Court House to live and work in the clerk's office and read law, and was a hard student. A young man named Sturman and I agreed to read every night during the winter untill one o'clock and we rarely departed from our job. But I read law with no intention of making it a profession. Law and physic were overdone in Virginia and the most

idle and dependent young men were of those professions, and as a natural consequence they addicted themselves to cards and such other amusements to while away the time. Stump Loo was the most fashionable game at cards about that time as more could engage in it and any could withdraw without breaking up the game. At first, it was innocent enough, except the waste of time. They generally used grains of corn to represent money, valued at one cent the grain, each player taking, say, one hundred grains, which was a dollar in stake, to be accounted for at the close of the game in grains or in money. This was gambling on so small a scale that it was impossible that much could be won or lost at a setting, and being of a social temperment I frequently joined with them in such amusements. The hotel in which I boarded was kept by an old batchelor, there was no white woman in the house. His boarders consisted of a few old business men without families and some fifteen or twenty young men, lawyers and doctors clerks, students, etc. Their amusements were certainly harmless enough to pass off a dull rainy day; but beside the waste of time it lead to other evils. The game of Stump Loo is like a circle, has no end - and altho an hour would be fixed on to stop the play, yet it was rarely ever regarded. We did not want to win one anothers money. We only played for amusement and some had not their stakes, and we played a little longer to give them a chance to win them back, which never happened, although daylight often caught us at the card table. Some would be looser more or less, and we must give them a chance some other time to get even. This lead to another game and another sitting up all night. ~~But~~ We proffessed to play for amusement and the sums staked were trivial, yet I noticed that the winner was always good humored and exultant, and the looser cross and ill-tempered. This I

regarded as evidence that the game with all was not merely for amusement, but for the money. I really did not play for the money, but for excitement and if winner I did not wish to take the money and felt mean when I did so, and always spent it at once in a treat of some sort. Taking all these evil tendencies into consideration and believing that a gentleman should not desire his neighbors money without an equivalent, I determined never to play for money or other property at any game of hazard or chance, and I have adhered to it, for altho I raised blooded horses and ran them for the stakes, I never bet a dollar on them. This determination at once cut me off from these games of "amusement" to ~~waste~~ while off time" and enabled me and my friend Starman to read through a whole night untill one o'clock every night. And I would advise all young men to make the same determination as early in life as possible. When a man can reconcile it to his sense of honor to bet for the sake of winning the money, he will be soon able to reconcile it to his sense of honor to cheat and swindle to obtain it. A well known gambler in the city of Richmond, who returned to a young man the money which he had lost at his Faro Bank, whilst in a drunken spree, gave him the advice. He said, "Here is the money you lost last night at my Faro Bank. Go and pay it into the state treasury for the taxes your father sent you to Richmond to pay; and go home and say nothing of this transaction, and never bet a dollar as long as you live on any game unless you make up your mind to become a d___n rascal." This advice ought to be impressed on the mind of every young man before he becomes the master of his own actions.

The Clerk's offices of the County Courts of Virginia were generally the law schools in which her young lawyers took their first degrees to

prepare them for the bar. The County Court system of Virginia under the old regime was peculiar to that and entirely unknown in any of the other states, not even in Kentucky, or indeed in any other government. It grew up under the old colonial government. It had concurrent jurisdiction with all the courts of the state, criminal, common law and equity; and consisted of a body of majesty of the most distinguished men in the respective counties who perpetuated their own body and received no fee or emolument for their services except the high sherrifflity of the county for two years by rotation. They were justices and conservators of the peace in their respective magistrator districts and had jurisdiction of all pecuniary matters of twenty dollars and under. Held quarterly terms of court and a Grand Jury and monthly courts for county police and the appointment of overseers of the poor and roads etc. They were the great bulwork between the people and the government. This great judicial superstructure venerable for years was pulled down by the innovations and improvements of modern democracy. The philosopher may mourn over the ruins but the superstructure can never again be raised.

The clerk's offices were generally filled with young lawyers and men performing the duties of clerks for small salaries to become familiar with the forms and practice of the courts. It was the regular custom for everybody in the county to attend the monthly courts. It was the day when everybody assembled to transact their business. And altho five magistrates constituted a court, yet all generally attended the monthly courts so that the elite of the county could be found to gather on court days to talk over the affairs of the nation. And as there was a great deal of wealth and aristocracy in the county of Westmoreland at that day, the court house or

village of Montross, was a place of great fashion and gaiety, and regular balls with great form and ceremonies were kept up, besides private parties, barbecues, fishfries, etc. Into this circle I was initiated on my return from school and received marked attention and, indeed, was generally a favorite - for what cause I cannot imagine - with persons, gentlemen and ladies far above me in age and position - a circle called, "Chotankers," who owned large estates in the counties of King George and Westmorland on the Potomac River, the incomes of which were equal to their hospitality and profuse living; untill distributions among their heirs, who kept up the same extravagant mode of living, dissipated them and caused many of them to emigrate to ~~new~~ new counties, or rather new states in the south and west. Among that class, all of whom were of old aristocratic families, was Samuel Lewis, a nephew of General Washington, who left him "Bushfield" on the Nomany River, which of itself was a princely establishment besides valuable lands in the Green River country in Kentucky. He married ~~and~~ an accomplished lady, Miss Attoway Miller of Port Royal, and was living at Bushfield in magnificent style. I can say truly that he was one of the finest looking men I ever saw, considerably over six feet in height and a perfect model of an athletic, active man, and as noble and chivalrous as he was powerful. He was particularly fond of me, altho there was great disparity in our age and position. On one occasion at Bushfield, cards were introduced as was customary with the higher order in that day. Some played whist and other games. It so happened that he was at the table of whist I was invited to play, and Loo was the game proposed and the stakes were higher than I had been in the habit of playing for, and as I never played for the sake of winning money, I played rashly and incautiously. The stakes

were, as usually, grains of corn for the convenience of counting and making change. I sometimes won and sometimes was looser, and I noticed that whenever my stakes were lost, he would put up for me without my asking him. When the game closed I was looser some twenty or thirty dollars and took out the money to pay him, but he said no, not tonight. In the morning I offered to pay him but he again declined to take it, but I insisted that he should take it, as among gentlemen of honor was the custom. He replied that was true in one sense but that there were amongst gentlemen of honor some who played to win money and would take it too, but he knew that I was of an open generous nature and did not play for the money and he would not receive it from me. I replied, "If there were not so great a disparagement in our age and position I would regard his refusing to take the money as an offense and that hereafter I would refuse to play for money with any one." He said, "I am glad my young friend that you have put it on that footing, and would advise you to adhere to that determination." This circumstance was one among others that determined me never to bet on any game of chance, as I have before related. We were even friends to the day of his death. After the War of 1612 when he was totally broken up by the British fleet under Admiral Cockburn he moved to his Green River lands in Kentucky. A short time before I came to Florida he visited his friends in Virginia and spent some time with me at Mount Ephraim. He was old and infirm and soon after died.

A Ghost Story - or two of them

There was a very distinguished lawyer by the name of John James Haund, who while pleading in a very important cause, fell at the bar and was taken

to a room in the tavern where he soon expired. The tavern was at that time kept by a man who had two daughters just growing up and subsequently kept by the batchelor with whom I boarded and who slept in the room in which Maund died, and was personally acquainted with him. We were often in the company of these two young ladies, the daughters of the former tavern keeper, who told wonderful stories of strange appearances in the room in which Maund died, and often asked the "batchelor" if he had not seen or heard strange things in that room. At first he laughed at their stories, but at length it began to make an impression on his mind. He had heard or seen things that he could not well account for, and one night, at the "dead hour," Walker, who was the old batchelor, made a horroable outcry in his room which soon roused the servants and many of the young men boarders, and when we entered the room we found him enveloped in the bed clothing pale and unable to stand. After we got him up and he became "himself again," he told us that he awoke with strange sensations. It was light enough in the room to discern objects for it was full moon and the window shutters were not closed, and looking up he saw Maund bending over him with his eyes fixed fully on him. He knew him well, his large black eyes and full flowing looks, it was no imagination, he was fully satisfied of his identity and could not be mistaken, before he cryed out and gave the alarm. Some believed his story, for he was a sober, firm and brave man whose varacity could not be questioned, and others rediculed it. I was young and giddy and foremost in expressing my disbelief in super-natural appearances. My father was very particular in impressing on the minds of his children the absurdity of all ghost stories, and reminded us that ghosts, if there were such things, must be very great cowards for they only appeared at night and only to one person

and if investigated would be found to be some very natural thing which our imagination had magnified and told us many instances which had occurred in his own experience to support his own opinion. Among others was this one. His mother was at the house of a neighbor who had a sick child and he was with her. About midnight the child died, and his mother sent him home for some purpose about the burial. The distance was not more than two miles. The moon was bright at its full. He was too old, about 17 years old, to express fears to go alone. He therefore obeyed his mother's orders, and started off, but he could not drive the image of the child from his mind - he had seen it die and its little hands folded on its breast. There was a near way through a broom straw old field a half a mile wide through which a narrow path led. When he had gotten about midway the old field, he saw before him immediately in his pathway a milk white object which under the light of the moon threw out rays that were almost dazeling. He was immediately rivited to the spot. He could not attempt to go back, he felt too much the pride of manhood, to go around it would be folly because if it had the power to place itself before him where it was it could do so in any other direction he might take. While pondering these reflections in his mind he was unconsciously getting nearer the object untill he stood right over it, an oval thing without the form of any living creature, without any chance of retreat he mustered up courage to project his foot forward to feel if the thing was tangible, when it suddenly exploded with a terriffic squall and he fell as if he had been shot. When he recovered from the stunning effect he found that he had disturbed the slumber of a gander who had become detached from the flock and had chosen that position as the safest for escape from his prowling enemies, which is the invariable custom of the goose. I was very forward in ridiculing Walker's story of having seen Maund's ghost

untill he bantered me to sleep alone in that room and I as promptly took the banter and was brave enough till night came. At supper all the young men began to try my firmness. Some said I would back out. Some took formal and doleful leave of me, saying Maund would carry me off that night, but I stood firm to my agreement although I had some twichings of conscience there might be something like timidity in the act, but I firmly went to bed and they saw that the candle was taken away. I confess that I did not sleep very soundly that night. We all have a trait of superstition in our nature which will betray itself under dubious circumstances. I was watchful and every little thing around me from my nap - but I passed the night and came off triumphantly - but that was to be my future sleeping room. Things went on for a little while very well but I had not gotten over my watchful habit, and one night I awoke and looked around and there was Maund standing by my bedside looking me full in the face as Walker had described. I could not be mistaken. I looked him in the face as firmly as he looked me in the face. There were his large black eyes, his full flowing black hair almost resting on the bed clothes - - I could not be in a dream. It was reality. To discribe the thoughts that rushed through my mind would be impossible. The most horrible one was that I was bound hereafter to believe that the spirits of the dead could visit this earth in their own forms. To give alarm would make me hereafter an object of ridicule - - to ~~escape~~ attempt to escape would be folly for if it had the power to come then and could injoin me, it had the power to prevent my escape. So I came to the determination, as I had the timerity to get into the scrape, I would fight my way out of it. I never thought of addressing a word to it, but summoning up all my resolution, I raised myself up in the bed, and as I raised my arm to grapple him by his full flowing locks, and as my arm and hand descended

I had the sensation as if all the flesh on my arm and hand had perished away and I was grappling with a skeleton arm and hand - - and they descended upon my coat and vest on a high back chair which I had drawn close up to the side of a low single bed. - - Of course I fell back on the bed so completely exhausted and prostrated from such a pitch of excitement that Maund and the ghosts of all the dead clients he ever had might have danced around the room till daybreak without moving me.

The coat was a blue cloth with a high full cape - the fashion of that day - and a white ~~marseilles~~ marseilles vest. The coat was with the vest taken off together and so thrown over the back of the chair as for the cape to show above the vest and facing to the bed - the dark cape gave the outlines of the full flowing hair, and the white vest which showed inside of the cape with its fold and shades gave the face and large black eyes - and my excited imagination finished the picture. The back of the chair with the coat on it was high enough to give the appearance of a man stooping over the bed. When I told the story the next morning, the "old batchelor" got into a furious passion and declared that I had made up the story to make him appear ridiculous and died in his belief that he had seen the ghost of Maund. This is a true statement of the facts without any exaggeration or embellishment and is related here, not for any interest there may be in the story itself, but for the purpose of showing how ghost stories from combination of circumstances have grown into such importance as to demand belief, when if they had been properly investigated would have been found to end as the story of Maund's ghost did. If I had given way to my fears there would have been two creditable witnesses, for Walker was a man whose veracity no one would question, to the same fact at different times

that the ghost of a man had been seen in the room in which he died besides other colateral circumstances, and I would have lived and died under the belief that the ghost of dead men can, and do, appear on this earth.

Within the year after the marriage of my brother Richard to Mrs. Spark the dwelling house and nearly all the out buildings were destroyed by fire when all the family were from home and very little of the furniture or stores were saved. He then moved to his own plantation, Windsor, within half a mile of the Court House, where I visited daily as a member of the family, and where Miss Betsy Simpson spent a large portion of her time. She was raised after the death of the mother by her Aunt Mrs. Gen. Parker. The residence of Gen. Parker was twenty miles or more from Windsor in Yeocomoco Neck, low down on the Potomac, a very out of the way place, and where very little gay company was seen except when large parties went down to spend a week or two for the benefit of the luxuries of fish, oysters, crabs and wild fowl which it afforded in the greatest abundance and perfection. It was therefore not a very desirable residence for a young lady just entering into the gaities of fashionable life. Miss Betsy therefore spent much of her time with her cousin at Windsor and with her relations at Port Royal, and the General had two very interesting daughters who were preparing to enter upon fashionable life and staid much of their time with their half sister at Windsor. There was also another cousin, Miss Julia Maria Peake, the daughter of Dr. John Peake, a very eminent physician, who kept up the courtly fashion of the cocked, or three cornered hat and powder, with shorts and knee and shoe buckles, with this captivating girl not then free from the leading strings, I became acquainted at my brother Richard's wedding. She was very pretty, perfect in form and figure

and danced like a top and looked on by her fond father as perfect in all things. We danced together, chatted together and walked together. She was the very angel of 14 - to captivate a boy of 18 years. It was admitted on all hands that Juli, as she was called, had caught Tom, as everybody called me. Even her doating father seemed to consider it a match and to be satisfied, and I thought I was in love, and even perpetrated an acrostic on her name which I thought was equal to any of Pope's juvenile expressions. But I had good sense enough not to give a copy of it, but it got out and some lines of it were repeated to me, and that annoyed me, so I put it in the bottom of my trunk and when asked to let it be seen I said it was a foolish thing and I had destroyed it. A year or two after I came across it and it was, in truth, so absurd and ridiculous that I rejoiced that I had given no copy of it and at once destroyed it. It was full of "the Gods" and big and high sounding words and rhymed but not a spark of poetry in it, and that was the first and the last of my poetical efforts. We kept up a giddy and I may say, childish flirtation for about two years and many of our friends considered it a settled matter - and yet not one word of love in the way of declaration and courtship ever passed between us, nor do I suppose the thought of marrying ever entered either of our heads. She married Bladen Mitchael of Richmond County, a grandson of Counselor Carter of Noriny Hall, a very wealthy man, had a family and I have no doubt was happily married.

During this period there were many matches planned for me by my friends. Some very rich. But wealth never added charms to a fair girl in my eyes. I was and heedless, and in one sense not a ladies man;

that is, I paid very little attention to dress and dispised a fop and exquisit. I never paid exclusive attention to any lady or dangled after any Bell in a train of beaux; nor ever gave any lady cause to put me down on her list of devoted admirers. I was always independent in my conduct and deportment, was always fond of the society of the fair sex of all ages and polite and attentive to them. I never wished to dance well. If I kept in time and escaped treading on the toes or train of the ladies, or butting against them I was satisfied. I never forestalled a dance with any lady, and if I asked one to dance with me and she was previously engaged, I went to some other, generally a wallflower or a stranger, if one was in the room. I was always attentive to strangers and those who seemed to be neglected. I never contended in the crowd after a popular beauty or put it in the power of any woman to put my name on her list of captive slaves. The consequence was that I excited no envy or jealousy and ladies generally were glad to receive my homely attentions. With Miss Betsy Simpson no one seemed ever to have suspected or planned a match. Spending most of her time at Windsor, we were almost constantly together and I thought I loved her as a sister and believed she loved me as a brother. She was a sprightly girl, had a good voice, and sang sweetly, so I thought, and I know there were many who agreed with me in opinion. Somehow or other I found her company indispensable to my happiness, yet nothing about love and marriage passed between us. Nor do I think that either of us ever contemplated such an event. Our intercourse was free and unembarrassed and we called each other by our familiar names. We read together, rambled together and she would sing for me. If she went down to General Parker's I soon found occasion to go to Yeocumoco Neck too. If she went to Port

Royal I found some excuse for going to Fort Royal also. She had a very intimate friend who was a favorite in my brother's family - Miss S _____ M _____ the only child of a rich old gentleman who had a large plantation on the Potomac near my brothers. She would often suggest to me what a good match her friend would make for me, and I also saw that my brothers would favor such an arrangement, and indeed he suggest it to me, but I always treated such advice as if given in jest. My brother was one of the noblest and most generous of men and I was always to his death, his favorite brother, altho he was my senior by some eight or ten years, and I am sure that it was for my interest he was desirous to promote the match, and she was certainly a young lady worthy of any gentleman, but as I have before said, wealth did not enhance a young lady's charms in my eyes. At length it was gossiped in the family that there was something between Tom and Betsy more than mere friendship, and some charged that Miss Betsy Simpson had outwitted her cousin Julia in the game that had been played for me. Of all this I was at first entirely ~~unsuspicious~~ unsuspicious. But I perceived a coolness in the family. My sister Lucy (my brother's wife) was not as cordial as formerly, even the old grandmother was cold and avoided me, and Miss Betsy went down to Gen. Parkers without letting me know or taking leave of me, and lastly my brother told me of the rumored engagement and said that accounted for my blindness to the charms of Miss S _____ M _____ and that the family were opposed to the match. I denied the truth of the report and declared that not one word in regard to courtship and marriage had ever passed between Miss Betsy Simpson and me and that I did not think that either of us had entertained a thought of marrying. But that opposition, although in advance of any cause, might

not have the effect of preventing it. That however much I was disposed to respect the advice and good wishes of my friends and his especially, yet that was a subject on which I meant to act independently, and forthwith I got a gig and drove down to Gen. Parkers. It was about the approaching Christmas festivities and I told Miss Detsy that I came after her, that the gaities were about to begin and her friends wanted her, and she must be ready in the morning to go up with me. On our way up the next day I inquired how she came to leave so unexpectedly and without giving me an opportunity of our usual partings. In the attempt to explain I discovered her embarresment and finally she acknowledged the charge of our secret engagement and as there was no truth in it she thought that her absence for a short time would cause it to blow over. I then told her what had passed between my brother and me, and then said all this has satisfied me that you are essential to my happiness and if you will say that you will marry me, there shall be truth in the report. After a moment's pause she replied, "Tom don't act hastily." I answered, "I am not acting hastily, but as my heart and head dictate - will you promise to marry me." She replied "Yes! If it is your wish I will marry you," and we ratified the engagement with the first kiss. she ever gave me, and it ~~was~~ was immediately opposite two large yellow poplar trees at the entrance to Windsor Lane. We agreed that as we were not then in a situation to marry and were young enough to wait a year or two that we would not let our engagement be known to anyone but to her uncle, General Parker, who ~~was~~ ^{had} always been a father to her; and as soon as the Christmas/~~holidays~~ ^{holidays} were over I was to go to Richmond City. A day or so after I communicated our

engagement to the General with our plans which he cordially approved and kept our secret faithfully.

I ~~xxx~~ ought to have noticed that after the affair of the Chesapeake and Leopard which convulsed the people in every part of the Union, war with Great Britain was considered inevitable and Congress passed an act to raise eight regiments of infantry as a nucleus on which to raise a war army, and General Parker, who was Major General of the Militia of the State, was appointed by Mr. Jefferson Colonel of the Regiment to be raised in Virginia and his headquarters were at Westmoreland Court House and he appointed me his private secretary to receive the monthly returns from the recruiting officers and condence them to be reported to the Secretary of War. The regiment had been filled and was ordered to New Orleans and Colonel Parker was preparing to go to Norfolk to meet his command whence they were to take shipping to New Orleans and I through the friendship of his nephew, Col. Richard D. Parker, who had just married a daughter of Dr. Fousher the Post Master at Richmond City, got the appointment of clerk in the Post Office and went on to Richmond immediately and entered upon my duties, and being the friend of Colonel Parker I lived in the family of Dr. Fousher which was not the privilege of his other clerks. The doctor's wife was not living and his house was kept by his two daughters, Misses Charlotte and Peggy Fousher and their cousin Miss Betsy Savage, taking the duties alternately each week. There never was a more pleasant and happy family. Miss Charlotte was admitted to be the most beautiful woman in Virginia, and she certainly was as lovely in all the traits of mind that adorn a woman as she was perfect in form, feature and figure. Peggy was as wild and frolicsome as a kitten and Cousin Betsy Savage was a good soul a little on the wrong side of twenty six. They treated me

as a brother and I loved them as sisters. The old doctor was very kind to me and being a great politician and finding me of the same party, I became a great favorite with him and his son-in-law, Mr. Fitchie of the Enquirer. The first quarter after I went into the Post Office the Chief Clerk's accounts fell short in the settlement and not being able to make up the deficiency he was dismissed and I was promoted to the chief clerkship. The year passed off very happily. The doctor had no trouble with the Post Office and rarely ever came into it, altho it was in the lower story of the building he lived in. A short time before Christmas I had leave to visit Westmoreland with the agreement that I was to return immediately after the holidays. I arrived at Westmoreland Court House just a week before Christmas and found that Miss Betsy Simpson was in Yeocoonoco and the next morning I went down there and found that General Parker had returned from New Orleans and all the family were well and joyful. In our correspondence it was agreed on and understood between us that we would not marry for at least another year and with that understanding I made an agreement with Dr. Fousher for another year.

In our walk the next morning the General abruptly remarked, "I understand that you and Betsy have agreed to postpone your marriage another year." I replied in the affirmative and said, "We are certainly not in a position to marry now." He replied, "It won't do, Tom. You will be in no better position a year hence. These long engagements rarely come to much and it places Betsy in an awkward and unpleasant situation. My advice to you is to be married at once and then prepare for business." "Well," I replied, "I have not the house or anything towards housekeeping." "Well," he replied, "You can remain in my house until you can get one, and something to put in it." I replied, "General, you have been more than a father to

Betsy and more than a friend to me, but notwithstanding I could not take a wife in your family to quarter upon your kindness and hospitality." "I am glad," he said, "to hear you speak so independently and will not ask you to remain in my house a day longer than may be necessary to prepare one for yourself which you will find after you are married will be not so difficult a matter as you now think." "But I have made an arrangement with Dr. Fousher to return to the Post Office directly after Christmas." "That," he said, "is no great matter. You can write to him and tell him the facts." I said, "General, I will leave it to Betsy. Let us go and see her at once." She agreed that her uncle and I might settle the matter. "Then," I said, "we will be married the day after tomorrow." It was objected to as being too soon to make preparations. I urged that there was no need for preparations. I dispised wedding clothes, but that would be on Friday. I cared nothing about the day. So it was agreed on that I should go to the Court House the next day and get the marriage license and make other arrangements and be back by one o'clock on Friday, so as that the ceremony should be performed before dinner. The next morning (Thursday) I went up and made all my arrangements; and went to Windsor and informed my brother and family of what had been agreed on. There was no little surprise and astonishment, but no manifestations of displeasure. The next morning was the opening of as inclement a day as anyone would wish to see. It rained, hailed, snowed, and blew a storm. But nothing daunted, with my friend who was to wait on me, we started and when we got to Momany Ferry, the wind was blowing so hard that the ferryman refused to take us over the river, till I hirred four able bodied negro men to help row the boat. We arrived at Gen. Parker's - 22 miles - by one o'clock. I took off my overcoat and muddy boots and put on

a pair of light shoes. The bride was ready and we walked into the parlour where a few friends were assembled and were bound in the Holy bands of wedlock by my relation, the Rev. Samuel Templeman, who had gone down the evening before by my request, on Friday the 22nd of December 1809. The ring used I believe was the bride's mother's wedding ring. From the parlour the party marched to the dining room where was spread as sumptuous a dinner as ever Prince partook of, for which Mrs. Parker and the General had great reputation. The bride sat by the side of her aunt and I by the uncle. At the table I pledged the bride in a toast as, "My old woman." And setting aside all the endearing epithets of "Honey," "Sugar," "Deary," and the like, I never called her by any other name. By the time that dinner was over it had cleared off and was as mild and delightful an evening as any one could desire, and the company was increased by the arrival of others, for Saturday invitations had been issued and the company was large and gay. On Sunday we went to church, and on Monday we arrived at Windsor with my brother and the week was spent in dinners and parties with our other friends.

I wrote immediately to Dr. Fousher and informed him of the unexpected change which had taken place in my situation and requested to be released from my engagement with him and rented a small plantation, and with the coming year I went manfully to work. My wife had a few negroes in her own right, some good house servants and a good cook, and some of her mother's furniture, so that by the addition of a few things we were soon snugly fixed at house-keeping. It was at first rather a novel situation to find ourselves alone in the house without a soul but the servants, but we were too happy to wish it otherwise, particularly as we had friends to visit us every day. And I can say, truthfully, that I never had a moments cause to regret the step we

we had so hastily taken or was in any trouble about the means of living, and no man was ever blessed with a purer or more devoted wife. But we were not long in the enjoyment of our happy and quiet cottage life. About the first of February I received a letter from Dr. Foushea congratulating me on my marriage but saying he could not do without me in the Post Office and proposing to give me one half of the net profits of the office and a part of his house to live in, and to live in his family untill I was ready for housekeeping. His house was large and so arranged as to accomodate two families. I at once accepted his proposition and disposed of my little farm and distributed among my friends such furniture, etc. as I could not send to Richmond, packed up the rest to go on with the servants, and started off for Richmond with my wife. We were cordially received and soon house-keeping again, but as one family with the Doctor. Miss Charlotte was married and Miss Peggy Foushea and Cousin Eetsy Savage were the housekeepers, and treated my wife as a sister and were always together in one or the others family. My first child, Eliza Frances, was born in Dr. Foushea's house, and I believe, under God, the life of the mother and the child was saved by his skill, experience, and attention, and the kindness of the young ladies.

The nett income from the Post Office was ~~xxxx~~ over \$3,000 a year, so that my income with the hire of some of the servants was about \$2,000 which was ample for every want we had. My situation was a very responsible one. I had to account for all the money received at the Post Office, which was between \$7,000 & \$8,000 a quarter, and at that time there was an immense amount of money in bank notes sent by mail. The young men had recently sent to the Penetentiary for taking out money from letters going through the P. O.. Not choosing to have young men of whom I was unacquainted put under me as clerk, I had an understanding with Dr. Foushea that I should have the

appointment of my clerks and a certain sum allowed for their salary. My brother, Sam, was living in a mercantile house in Norfolk and by adding a little to the salary allowed I easily got him to come and live in the Post Office with me, and we performed all the duties as long as I kept the office.

I was the inventor, or planner, of "Post Office Boxes." These were times of embargo, nonintercourse, etc; and of course speculation was rife. The first news was important and therefore, there was always a great rush to the P. O. as soon as the mail came in, for letters. The universal plan was to hand out letters from a removed pane of glass from the front window. I have seen the whole street blocked up by people waiting their turn to get to the window to ask for letters in all sorts of weather. It was a great grievance and I was applied to know if I could devise some plan to remedy it. I said I thought I could devise a plan which would remedy the evil if I could be indemnified for the expense and was assured that I would be indemnified for any expense I might be at. The room for the Post Office in Dr. Fousher's house was not suitable for my plan, so I rented a ~~large~~ the large three story brick building higher up on brick row which had a large room on the first floor. This room I divided into two rooms by a counter running parrallel with the street so as to give a front and a back room. The carpenter who did the work was named Yearman Smith, to whom I explained my plan. ~~He~~ Upon the counter I placed long boxes with pigeon holes, four to a pane of ten by twelve glass. There were grooves cut so that the glass could drop in and then another tier of pigeon holes laid on and the glass dropped in, and so on until a complete partition was made between the two rooms. The boxes were numbered on the side facing the rent room from "No. 1" upwards, and the owners name pasted on the other side in the back room. There was a fire place in the front room and I had a long table and chairs and

benches and all the "dead newspapers," or newspapers not taken out, were put every day on the table so that it was a very comfortable reading room. As soon as one entered the room he could see if anything was in his number and by tapping his finger against it a clerk handed it to him. I had about four hundred of these boxes engaged at 50 cents a quarter and the merchants gave me five percent a quarter for keeping their postage account. This with the boxes amounted to some \$1,200 or \$1,500 so that my income was now nearly \$4,000 a year. I then moved from Dr. Foushers to my own rented house where I lived and entertained as handsomely as any gentleman in Richmond. We then took Harriet Parker and my niece Margaretta Brown to live with us and go to school.

It was after I moved from Dr. Fousher's house that I drew the \$15,000 prize, but it made no change in my course. I labored as hard as ever and was as prompt and faithful in the fulfillment of all my duties. The money on the prize was not paid for a year or more after, and I never saw or touched a dollar of it. I sent the ticket to my brother James and went into merchandize with him and my brother William. I continued in the Post Office untill my health was destroyed and untill the old doctor, although he regretted to part with me, told me, and so did his son, Dr. Jack Fousher, that if I did not quit the Post Office I could not live six months, and it is probable that my state of health saved me from the horrible fate of many who perished in the burning of the Richmond Theatre. I had gone to the theatre a night or two before to hear _____ and to give my wife an opportunity of going, and the doctor forbid my going again and told my wife she must not allow of it, and of course she would not go and I would not go without her. It occurred about 11 o'clock on the night of the 26th of

December 1811. My room was in the third story in the back of the building overlooking the theatre so that every thing could be distinctly seen and the screams heard. Hundreds of pens have tried to discribe the horrors of that night. I cannot now relate the little of what I saw and heard without attempting any discription. I saw them as they tumbled over each other out of the windows and as the last came out they were in flames. Ladies in a light blaze and some as they touched the ground in their agonies continued to run until their clothes were entirely burnt off. But the agonizing scene was only for a few minutes. In five minutes the roof fell in with an awful crash and all was in the silence of death indeed. But the streets were a bedlam throughout that long and ever to be remembered night. No one knew who were the sufferers. The streets were filled with all class, ages and conditions. Mothers calling for their children, wives for their husbands, children for their parents, sisters for their brothers - half dressed ladies of the first standing might be seen running and tearing their hair and swooning in the streets, and no one caring for them, for they were all suffering under the same calamity and these scenes continued all the live long night. Early the next morning I went to the place and saw taken from the smoldering ruin the bodies, or rather the blackened trunks, of seventy-two of the victims which were taken to the Baptist Church nearby. The extremities of all were burnt off to the knees and elbows, and many higher up or nearer to the body. Only two had their heads or skulls remain to the body, the rest were burnt off leaving stumps of the neck. Of course none could be known by feature or form. Nor was anything found about them by which they could be identified. Except the body of Governor Smith, under which was found his gold watch with his name on it, run down about 1 o'clock P. M. and when wound up, worked as usual and on the stump of the neck of

a very small body hung a gold chain on which was inscribed, "From my Grandmother," which was known to be Miss Whitcocks, a most lovely girl about fourteen years old.

The horrible scenes which I had witnessed had shrunk my heart into a piece of callous flesh. It had no feeling, no sensibility, no sympathy. I looked on this scene with as much cold indifference as if the blackened trunks exhumed from the vaults of the theatre had been the ends of unconsumed timber only, and yet I knew that many of them were the remains of my most intimate friends and daily associates. I never so fully realized the force of the wish put into Nero's mouth by the poet.

"When I am dead and in my urn,
May Earth and sea together burn.
Yea! Whilst I live I would desire
To see the universe on fire."

Such was my state of mind I could have witnessed such a calamity without winking my eye, and it was many days before my heart recovered its natural sensibility and a tear of sympathy moistened my eyelids, or that I could realize the extent of calamity which had caused a whole people in mourning.

It was determined by the city authorities that all the victims to the devouring flames of the theatre should be interred in its vaults and a monumental church erected over them. All the bodies that were taken out of the ruins were put in large mahogany boxes and all who died at their homes or other places or that were carried away should be put in separate coffins and the procession with hearse to pass by each house and take the body, and such was the length of the procession that it was over two hours after the front arrived at the place of interment before the rear got up. They were all placed in the vault and the solemnities performed and the vaults securely covered.

It was ascertained that one hundred and twenty nine (129) lives had been lost by the conflagration of the Richmond Theatre. Of these, some of the most distinguished people of the state - Governor Smith; Venerble, President of the Bank of Virginia; Eotts, a distinguished lawyer and his lady; members of the legislature, Judges, Officers of the Navy and Army, the wife of the Mayor of the city, and twenty two young ladies from 14 to 20 years old, the beauty and flower of the city.

There were many accounts of dreams which seem to be well verified; and of heart rending circumstances and thrilling incidents, more than volumes could portray. I will only mention one, related to me by an intimate friend named Tiffin. He found himself so jammed up in the rush to get out that he could not move and at the same time saw ladies whom he knew a little way off calling on him by name to save them when the flames from their dresses behind were curling over their heads and licking off the locks of hair on their cheeks. The sight was so horrible and the death before him so certain that he determined to cut his throat and took out his knife for the purpose, but he could not get his hands together to open it. At this time he felt a sense of falling a long distance and lost his consciousness. When he came to himself he was lying at the foot of a Lombardy Poplar about forty feet from the burning building which had fallen in, and the flames were ascending gently to heaven and reflecting against the throng who were looking on in silence, caused them to appear as white as snow. The conviction rushed on his mind that he was dead and in the "Spirit Land." I leave his feelings to the reader.

This was a winter of fear and tremoling especially with the superstitious and weak minded. A large comet had appeared in the fall accompanied by a long season of warm dry and sultry weather and many speculations were made in the

papers about it. Some contending that it was approaching the earth and might come near enough to destroy it. There were some severe shocks of earthquake - the severest ever experienced in Virginia. In Richmond some houses rocked and chimnies fell. The house I lived in so sensibly moved that I sprung out of the bed, not suspecting the cause, and to complete the whole, a crazy man, or a knave, wrote a prophesy which was published in pamphlet that the world would be destroyed on a certain day; and many believed it and some actually died of imagination and fear.

I continued on in the Post Office untill the first of May, 1812, when my state of health compelled me to give it up, and on the 13th of May I left Richmond to visit our friends in the northern neck, and in June we left our Westmoreland friends for a perminent residence in Charlestown, where I had commenced business in merchandize with my brothers. On our way at Paris at the foot of the Blue Ridge at Ashbys Gap, on the morning of the 16th day of June the stage from Alexandria to Winchester brought the news of the passage of the declaration of War by congress the day before against England. Soon after my arrival in Charlestown I set up housekeeping and my second daughter Helen was born there. But I soon discovered that the confinement of a store was as injurious to my health as the Post Office, and the war interfering with my plans I sold out my interest in the stores to my brothers and through the influence of my wife's relation, Mr. William Skinker of Spring Farm, Fauquir County, I purchased Mount Ephraim, adjoining Spring Farm, and situated immediately on the banks of the Rapahannock River 12 miles above the falls at Palmouth and Fredricksburg, and as soon as I had my wife comfortably established at Mount Ephraim among her immediate relations, I mounted my horse and started for the northern neck where the enemy under

Admiral Cockburn were committing all kinds of savage depredations. At Mattox Bridge I fell in with Capt. John Stewarts troupe of cavalry from King George County and at once volunteered in it as a common soldier.

Dr. Jack Fousher, who was intuitively a physician and in whose advice I placed implicit confidence told me to take exercise on horse back and even get the situation of Deputy Sherriff which would compell me to do so. I therefore concluded to join a troupe of cavalry in active service would be fully carrying out his advice and it asuredly proved so. It was a kill or cure experiment.

We proceeded down to Yeocomo Church, the headquarters of Gen. John P. Hungerford, who commanded the Virginia quota of militia in the United States service, within a few miles of Gen. Parker's where I was married and where I found a comfortable retreat when chance or sickness permitted it.

The British fleet consisting of seventy odd ships of the line lay spread out from the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay up the Potomac above where we were stationed, and we could often see the men on the decks of the ships. From the main Potomac there are rivers running into the interior, navigable for their barges some ten or fifteen miles. On these rivers were large warehouses filled with tobacco and other produce, and large and beautiful dwelling houses. At first they only landed to take the tobacco and other produce, but when Cockburn was put in command of the fleet they changed this humane policy and burnt and plundered and destroyed everything in their way and carried off the negroes. We were immediately put into vedette service and had to watch the coast and bring to the camp information of their movements. It was a hard service, and often I have been on horseback all night in hard rains and when I would get to the camp in the morning I would

be so stiff and cramped that a soldier had often to take me off the saddle, and many a time I would have regarded it a mercy if any one had shot me. But I stuck to it, "To kill or cure," and at length my appetite became good, I could eat anything. My health improved; and before the year was out I was a hardy soldier; and I have witnessed the benefit of it through all my after life. During all this time I never returned to visit my family, but the British having burnt the houses and broken up all the families in their reach on the Potomac, many of our relations went up to Mount Ephraim as refugees and lived with my wife. Among whom was my brother Richard's family, which was a great comfort and relief to my wife in my absence. My brother Richard was Brigadier Quarter Master and the next year Gen. Hungerford appointed me one of his aids, which made my situation more agreeable. We were encamped at Nomony Hall with a force of about 2,500 effective troops, that had been in service nearly two years; expecting orders from Gen. Winder who commanded the 10th military district, to march to the defence of Washington City. We had seen a portion of the fleet sounding up the river, evidently intending a movement on Alexandria, and reports were rife that a force was landing on the Maryland side to march across to attack Washington. On Sunday about the 10th or 11th of September 1814 the expected orders came. We were at dinner when the express arrived. Nomony Hall is about 150 miles below the city of Washington, and the orders were to make force marches, and at the same time to send orders to Gen. Chilton of Fauquier and Gen. Douglas of Loudon to order out a portion of their brigades, and I was ordered to carry the orders, glad of, as I had to go by my house. I had a very fine horse and in an hour I was in the saddle and never stopped except to refresh

and feed my horse till I reached Mount Ephraim on Monday morning a little before breakfast, a distance of 75 miles. The house was full of friends, but I only took time for salutation and breakfast and proceeded on to Gen. Chiltons, and on Wednesday evening, when near Gen. Douglas, I met an officer who on my inquiring the way and telling my business said he was his Adjutant General and was then going to order out troops, that Gen. Douglas was in Montgomery County on his way to Washington. He took my orders and informed me that it was supposed that fighting was then going on at Washington as cannonading was heard. I then changed my course towards Alexandria where I expected to join Gen. Hungerford. I soon heard cannon and loud explosions which was no doubt when destroying the Navy Yard. As night came on brilliant flames were visible untill the whole heavens were illuminated. Late in the night I got to the "Brick Tavern" a few miles from Alexandria and found the house full of officers and soldiers and some said they were right from Washington and were telling all sorts of exaggerated stories. Early the next morning I started and soon found Gen. Hungerford encamped on Shuters Hill, having arrived in the night after a rapid march just in time to see the expiring flames of the "burning of Washington." The fleet that had gone up the river were lying in full view below us, the corporate authorities of Alexandria having capitulated, and all hands were engaged in loading the vessels found at the wharves, some thirty in number, with tobacco and flour. As soon as the British army in Washington discovered Hungerfords camps on Shuters Hill, they precipitately evacuated the city and returned to the shipping, leaving behind them many of their sick and disabled men.

During the day Col. Monroe, who had consented to leave the state department and take charge of the War Department after the treason and flight

of General Armstrong - accompanied by Commodore Porter and some other Navy and Army officers, visited Gen. Hungerfords camp on Shutters Hill and had a consultation in regard to some plan to cut off the descent of the British fleet then lying at Alexandria. And it was determined on that a fort should be forthwith established at the foot of "Washingtons Reach" a few miles below Mount Vernon, where the banks of the river were some forty feet high perpendicular, and where the channel ran close in to the shore, at a place called the "White House" on account of a large fishing house on the beach which was a landmark for vessels navigating the river; and that Commodore Porter should take command of it, and five miles below on the Maryland side of the river there should be another fort under the command of Commodore Perry and that Com. Porter with his officers and marines, and Col. Richard E. Parker with one battalion of his regiment of Gen. Hungerfords brigade, should move forthwith to the designated point and commence operations, and the next morning Gen. Hungerford accompanied by Col Monroe was to march with his troops to join them. It was a bright and beautiful day and the city of Alexandria and the shipping and the busy bustle of the enemy, rolling out tobacco and flour from warehouses, loading the vessels at the wharves, all lay in full view before us, and Porter determined that he would go into the town and see more closely what was going on before he commenced his operations at the White House, which could be easily done by putting on citizens dress. Accordingly with Capt. Crayton they rode into the town as country gentlemen and after satisfying himself, returning, he came to a warehouse high up King Street where a young Lieutenant and a squad of men were rolling out flour. By this time the devil, or his passions, had gotten such control over him that, as the officer passed near him he clutched him by a

handkerchief he had tied loosely around his neck and drew him up to his horse and would have throttled him had not the tie given way. Immediately the cry was sounded. "Porter, Porter, Porter" and such running and jumping into boats and plunging into the docks was never before seen. By some means they had ascertained that Porter was about, and seeing General Hungerford's army on the hill just above them, they were certain that such an assault on one of their officers would not have been made without a plan for a general attack. They had relied on the stipulations by the city authorities of capitulation of security from any sudden assault. The consequence was that the fleet dropped down to the old fort and commenced throwing bombs and rockets into the town and several houses were set on fire. This caused the greatest consternation in the town. A committee of their first men was immediately posted off to Capt. Gordon of the flagship, to assure him that the people of Alexandria had no participation or knowledge of the assault of Commodore Porter on one of their officers, or that he was in their city, or that the troops stationed on the hill had any design to violate the stipulations of capitulation made by the people of Alexandria with him, and as no movement had been made by the troops on Shuter's Hill, he was reassured and the bombardment ceased, and the fire extinguished before any serious damage had been done, and the soldiers and marines of the fleet returned to the rolling out and loading the ships with tobacco and flour.

The next morning Gen. Hungerford's army took up the line of march for the White House and was soon joined by Col. Monroe and other officers of the government from Washington. About noon a halt was made at a very convenient place for the troops to rest and refresh, and a very sumptuous collation was spread, by whose orders or arrangements I did not know, of which

Col. Monroe and all the officers partook, and it was abundant for all. In the squad with which I was partaking of the collation was quite a pompous old gentleman, who soon let it be known that he was the owner of the estate on which the "White House" was located. That it was by his information and advice the fort was established there, and that he had come to meet General Hungerford and conduct the troops to the place where they were to camp. In the conversation someone asked how Col. Monroe got the title of Colonel? I said I believed that he obtained it as aide to Lord Sterling. This old gentleman who was called "Capt. Keane" said very positively that there was no officer in the revolutionary army named "Lord Sterling." I replied if history was true there was such an officer whose name was "Alexander." He with warmth reiterated, "There was no such officer in the American army." He was an officer of the revolution and knew there was no officer called Lord Sterling; and that he would bet me a thousand dollars on it. I replied that the revolution was before my day but that I was positive there was such an officer - - and there was a law in betting that when a man knew he could not loose he could not honorably win. He replied, "That was a pretext to get clean of making the bet. He was as positive as I was, and would release me from all quams of conscience and pay me if I won. I said, I don't like to be bluffed and will take your banter and as Col. Monroe is here we will leave it to him when we get to the White House, and these officers will be witness between us. Just about this time an express arrived from Commodore Porter that a brig was coming up the river and the cannon must be hurried on. All the artillery we had were ten small field pieces belonging to General Hungerfords brigade, two twelves and one long eighteen pounder. The road was crooked byways and cart tracks over rugged hills; and it was

with difficulty the large pieces could be got along at all, with sixteen and eighteen horses to a cannon. So it was concluded that I should take two four pounders with four horses to each and hurry on as quick as possible. I made the drivers dash on as fast as the ground would permit and even galloped when the road was even, and just got to the place where they were cutting off the timber for the fort as the brig was within half a mile of them, floating up with the tide. The few sails she had set were lazily flapping as she rolled with the sullen swell. Her rigging and yards were covered with shirts and trousers, it being washing day. She had a boat ahead sounding and signaling back the depth of water. Her deck was covered with men, no doubt sent up from the fleet to man the ships taken at Alexandria. She stood close into the shore, not seeming to regard the few men she saw on the banks. Col. Parker made his battallion lie flat on the ground so as not to be seen. The first shot Porter fired skipped on the water just before the bow of the sounding boat. The second shot cut the cord that fastened the signal flag to the staff, and it fell into the water. The boat then dropped down to the brig. The men still kept the deck and paid no regard to us, thinking I suppose, we were a small party of militia gathered from the neighborhood. When she got opposite to us the third shot struck her hull, and at the same moment Col. Parker ordered his men to rise and fire, and the whole volley was poured into the men as they stood on the deck. I distinctly heard their shrieks and in a moment the deck was cleared, not even the man remained at the helm. The brig fired one broadside just before our volley of musketry was fired, but the balls struck the bank below us. The men continued to load and fire as she slowly floated by us, untill the shirts and trousers were cut in to lint; as she passed one cannon ball was

put into her stern and we heard the shattering of the glass. In Capt. Gordon's report subsequently made he admitted that eighteen were killed on the brig going up to Alexandria.

That night the troops arrived with the other cannon and Capt. Kean's house, or rather a part of it, was occupied as Gen. Hungerfords headquarters. The next morning early I saw Capt. Keane in his yard and in a moment perceived his importance was lowered and I meant to teach him a lesson, so walking up to him I said good morning Captain, as Colonel Monroe is here let us go and decide our bet. He answered, Oh! I acknowledge I was too positive, but you were not in earnest, you won't insist on the bet. Yes! But I will. You know how you bantered me, and we called the officers to witness. You have too much of revolutionary honor to back out in this way, you must open strong coffers and pay me the money. Thinking me in earnest he began to beg, plead poverty and said all these troops quartered on him would ruin him. I said don't tell me that, it will double your fortune, it is the very thing you have been seeking; you will sell all your corn and fodder and bacon and beef and even your mounds of straw at your door to the government for high prices, besides what you sell to the officers and soldiers. After enjoying his perplexity for a while I said well I won't be hard with you, let us see if we can't make a compromise. What use do you make of the office here? His son slept in it. We went in and I found it a snug comfortable room with a good bed and other furniture, and I made him this proposition. Give me this room while we remain here and meals for two when I call for them. My brother Richard was in the army. A stable for two horses and a boy to feed and attend to them, and I know you have any quantity of old apple and peach brandy, a decanter of each to be always ready when I

invite a friend or two in - and I will acknowledge the bet honorably paid. He caught at it with joy, and called me a noble hearted man, and now I said, "Capt Keane, to ratify this agreement and pledge us as friends, I saw on your side board last night a large old fashioned tumbler that will hold some two quarts. I want you to have that tumbler made full of mint julip with ice on it, while I go and bring the officers who witnessed our bet and over it to acknowledge that you lost and honorably paid it." This gratified him still more for he had great pride of his revolutionary honor. When I returned with the officers the old gentleman was waiting with the mouth tumbler of julip and a noble julip it was, and we never left it while a drop remained. While I remained at the White House he was my firm friend and honorably fulfilled his agreement and went beyond it, for he often gave us extras and our room was a free and easy resort of which he never complained.

As soon as the brig arrived at Alexandria and made her report - the next day - the whole fleet dropped down to the head of "Washington's reach" and took a position in range of Commodore Porters fort and began to throw out feelers in the form of Congreve Rockets and 14 inch bomb shells, and when once they had located the situation of our encampment, which they were not long in doing, from our loose police regulations, by columns of smoke in the day and the lights from fires in the night, they began a well directed and executed bombardment on us; by the discharge of rockets, bombshells and round shot. The day after Gen. Hungerfords arrival at the White (House) Brig. General Young, commanding the militia of the District of Columbia, had been stationed in Maryland, crossed over the river and joined his, encamping between his regiment and the shipping. The Congreve Rockets were

at first a great terror to our soldiers, they had had frightful accounts of them - that they would consume anything they struck and the fire they created could not be quenched by water. In the day time when they struck they were enveloped in a thick smoke, in the night, a bright flame. But the men soon became familiar with them and instead of running from them when they struck the men would be seen running to them and tearing up the earth and throwing it on them to extinguish the flame and see what was the composition; which was of a redish brimstone appearance with a strong smell of asoefedity and hundreds could be with balls of it in their hands. They regarded them as a nice bug-a-boo. But some of them contained a small shell and one day some dozen of the soldiers were engaged in smothering the flame or dense black smoke when the shell in it exploded and tore the sheet from the cylinder into ribbons; and wonderful to tell not a man was injured. After that they were very cautious how they ran upon a rocket when it first struck the ground. The bombs and cannon balls were not quite so harmless for occasionally there was some one knocked over, but the number was astonishingly small for the amount of amunition expended. As soon as the fleet had ascertained our position from our camp fires, they opened a regular cannonading on our camp with all kinds of missils which was kept up with occasional intermissions throughout the whole twenty-four hours. On the second night after they got our position they sent a ball through the house in which Gen. Hungerfords headquarters were established. The next morning he made Mr. Mercer his first aide have his marque put up in the camp a quarter of a mile or more further from the shipping, and his headquarters were removed from Capt. Keans house to the field. But I held on to my little office in the yard. From the moment the fleet commenced their firing on our camp I never had an hours

quiet rest at night. The enemy took all means in their power to annoy us. About 9 o'clock at night when we were about retiring to rest they would begin and for an hour or two they would rain down upon us rockets, bombshells and cannonballs as if heaven and earth were coming together. Then they would ease off and then would be a calm till about midnight they would commence again and then again a little before day - in the daytime about breakfast time, parade time, dinner time and in the evening, and this was kept up for five days and nights. Whenever these night assaults were made General Hungerford would send an orderly for me to take an order to Gen. Young's encampment or to Commodore Porters fort and I was completely worn out and determined that Mercer should do some of the night service, so after supper I left my comfortable quarters and went to the stockyard where I could not be found and leaned some rails against a straw stack and throwing some straw on them I made a very comfortable shelter into which I crawled and in a few minutes probably was sound asleep. How long I slept I know not. I was roused up by a confused noise, for the whole yard was covered with soldiers lying about on the straw and fighting a suffocating smoke and when I got out of my den I found that a rocket had struck on a bank of straw close to where I was sleeping and the soldiers were fighting out the fire, and rockets and bombs were flying all round us, but I was in that state of stupor which makes one regardless of danger and fell back into my straw house. When I awoke the next morning the sun was shining and there were batches of burnt straw lying about and some smoke but no fire. That was the best nights sleep I had at the White House.

When they found out Commodore Porters position they brought down one of the frigates^a and a bomb ketch where they could throw balls and bombs over

a point of land into his fort and wounded some of his marines. To checkmate which he took the long 18 pounder across the point to their side half a mile nearer the ships; and when they commenced their 9 o'clock firing, the flashing of their guns gave him dead aim, and he pounded into them, injuring them considerably and compelled them to slip their cables and turn back to their former position. This only served to vex them and they rained bombs and round shot with ten fold fury. At first they bombed Gen. Youngs encampment and some of his men were hurt. I was going on foot with an order to Gen. Young at the time and met some of his soldiers running, but I had to go on and by the time I delivered my order and was returning the balls were passing over Youngs encampment and approaching Hungerfords, right along the road I was going. I was trying to make double quick but I would not run. Several balls had struck near me, when one struck immediately on the road some twenty paces before me tearing up clods as large as a flour barrel and nearly jerking all the teeth out of my head. The idea immediately struck me, if I had ran I might have been just at the spot where the ball struck and of course it would have been in the back - and what a disgrace to be reported of me - and what folly anyhow, to try to run out of the way of a cannon ball. I stopped at once and faced about in the direction the balls were coming. Many were running, and I saw a small white boy whom I knew playfully running after a ball that had struck the ground and rebounded, when another ball struck him above the hips and cut him in two except the back bone. The poor little fellow lived about two hours and all he asked for was water. He was a very sprightly boy, a great favorite with the officers, the son of a widow woman in Alexandria who let him go with an officer who had greatly befriended her. The next morning Gen. Hungerford was sitting in his

marquee on a pile of mattresses when the orderly sung out, "A ball coming," and the Gen. threw himself down to look back under the closed up wall of the tent when a ball passed through and knocked down the tent of his Adjutant General immediately in front. When the General righted himself up on the mattresses the hole made by the ball in the tent was right against his back. When he saw the fact that if he had remained in his position the ball would have gone through his body he turned white. I was standing at the tent door at the time and James Mercer his first aid was sitting before him writing an order which the General was dictating and I was waiting to deliver. Gen. Hungerford did not lack courage, but he was not a military man and was out of his element and such near approximation to cannon balls and bombshells did not suit his ideas of safety; and Mr. Mercer was ordered to have the marquee and baggage moved to the of the encampment a quarter of a mile further from the shipping. Many were calling on him to congratulate him on his myraculous escape and during the day Col. R. E. Parker called and proposed that he would ride to the fort. We were riding slowly together when we came to a place where the bombs were frequently exploded and broken shells could be seen in every direction which caused Col. Parker to remark "Let us mind our pace, General, this is rather a hot place." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a bomb exploded directly over our heads and we heard the well known sound of a large piece descending. Involuntarily we rushed our horses heads up to the body of a small old field oak standing near by. The General was between us, when a very large piece came rushing down, cutting the limbs as if they were straws between the Generals horses head and the body of the tree. Our horses fell back in great terror and the Gen. had like to have thrown him. When our

astonishment was over he said with the simplicity of a child, "Well, I really do believe they intend to kill me." That, I think, was a very natural conclusion.

Capt. Gordon, who commanded the fleet to Alexandria must have regarded Commodore Porter's Fort as much more formidable than it really was, or he would not have remained so long and have expended such a quantity of ammunition before he attempted to pass. In truth, it was no fort at all. It had no breast works or other works of defense and only thirteen field pieces, three only of which were of any size. In the occupation of Washington and Alexandria the enemy had destroyed or carried away all the cannon. Porter relied on the fact that in the descent of the river the enemies vessels would have to come close into the shore and their guns could not be brought to bear on him. Commodore Rogers constructed up the river several fire ships which at night as the tide went out he would float down on the fleet. But they would send out boats when the burning ships approached near them and change their course so that they always passed without damage. Frequently whilst we were at the "White House" Col. Monroe, after performing the duties of the War Department at Washington, would come down to our camp in the nights to confer with Commodore Porter and Gen. Hungerford, and return to Washington before office hours the next day. Such was his devotion in the cause of his country. The fleet still kept its position for five days, cannonading night and day. The merchant vessels captured at Alexandria, some thirty odd, loaded with tobacco and flour, had gradually dropped down and were displayed in line towards the Maryland shore and made a very formidable appearance. On the morning of the six day it was evident they were about to make a movement. Sails were unfurled and preparations for getting underway was appearant on all the vessels. The wind was fair down the river and the ebbtide would make

about 9 A.M., and accordingly every vessel was under sail at that hour. All but the two frigates, stood over to the Maryland shore. The Seahorse and her consort bore majestically down to the fort and without firing a gun made a graceful circle, taking a position about six hundred yards from the fort came to with springs on their cables and then commenced broadside after broadside from both ships, and forty five minutes every gun in Forters fort was silenced, some struck and split to the breach. Everything had conspired to satisfy Commodore Porter that the large ships would be compelled to come within two hundred yards of the shore where they could not get their guns to bear on him and he could put his balls through their decks. Whereas they took their position six hundred yards off and the ships were careened over and some of the guns were brought on deck and lashed to the masts so that they could give point blank shots. There was a movement made which induced the supposition that they were about to land and the troops were ordered down to meet them. They had to march down an inclined place covered with young pines of more than a quarter of a mile right in the face of their terrific broadsides. Then the tops of the pines were cut off as with a sythe and not a man gave way or faltered. Occasionally a man would tumble over and I thought there must have been several hundred killed and wounded, but we lost only 14 killed and 32 wounded. The first broadside on each side was magnificent, but everything soon became so involved in smoke that very little could be seen except when the wind would lift the smoke. The silencing of our guns did not stop theirs. They continued to pour in broadside after broadside for more then an hour untill the very hills seemed to groan under the weight of their balls. They then got under way and followed after the other vessels and it was not long before we heard the engagement with Perry's Fort, but that was short work, it did not last more

than fifteen minutes.

The British Fleet up to Alexandria, having descended the river safely with their plunder; the army of Gen. Hungerford returned to the Northern Neck and the enemies ships having left the Potomac the troops, who had been called out en masse, were disbanded in October 1814 and returned home. In the spring of 1815 the Treaty of Ghent was concluded and in Peace I settled down to the duties and druggery of a farmer in the improvement of my plantation which was much out of order, and here I will make another digression to give you some history or account of your lineage and ancestry on your maternal side, entirely from memory, for as I have said before, I have more memoranda or record to refer to, but what I state is substantially true.

Your mother's grandfather was the Rev. Joseph Simpson, Rector of Farnham Parish in the County of Richmond Virginia, who married a daughter of Col. John Skinker of Millbank, one of the wealthiest men on the Rappahannock River, owning eight or ten large plantations with some hundreds of slaves on each. The parson had a rich glebe with a number of slaves and lived and moved in a style which the English clergy of that day were won't to make. Another daughter of Col. Skinker married a Mr. Bowle of Carolina County and had three daughters and no son. One married Champ Crockerbrough of Bloomsberry. The second married her cousin John Skinker of Port Royal and the third married Dr. John Peake of Westmoreland County. Parson Simpson had three sons, John, Joseph and Thomas and one daughter Elizabeth. The sons were sent home to England as the time came to be educated. John was a man of high promise and stood high at Oxford, but his success and association with the sons of nobility worked a screw loose in his mind and he could

think or talk of nothing less than Dukes, Earls and Lords; and was sent back to Virginia a crazy man and was known all his life as "My Lord Simpson." His father was dead when he returned, and being heir at law he had a good estate with the revision in his mother's dower and lived with her, but he staid little at home, was harmless and amusing and privileged, dressed fantastically, wrote poetry and lov sonnets and made love to all the young girls even after he had passed his three score and ten years.

Joseph was educated for the church, took orders and returned to Virginia and a church at Centerville where he lived and died. Had one son and one daughter. The son died about the time he arrived at manhood. The daughter, Anne, married Gordon Forbes of Sandy Point, Westmoreland County. Thomas, your grandfather, was educated for the army and had a commission of Lieutenant and Paymaster in the Queens Rangers, Commanded by Lord Carmarthan Duke of Leeds and of course was in the Dukes family and was a favorite with the Dutchess, who took an amature likeness of him in oil colors in full dress and powdered, which is the portrait now hanging up in the drawing room. He did not return to Virginia during the war of the Revolution. After the Treaty of 1783 he resigned his commission in the army and married Miss Margaret Chambers, the grand-daughter of Anthony Chambers of the County of Durham; who had but two children. Their mother was a Trollope, the sister of Sir John Trollope, a very excentric man who lived near Gateshead opposite to New Castle upon Tyne. After his marriage with Miss Chambers he lived in New Castle upon Tyne and was concerned in very extensive glass works. His two children were born and were baptized in Gateshead Church. Mrs. Chambers who was a widow when Mr. Simpson married her, daughter lived a good deal with them and from a memorandum book she kept and which my wife had, it would seem she was a very particular woman in all of her affairs. There

were many curious and interesting notes written in a very peculiar hand.

The Rev. John Simpson, Rector of Roos who educated the sons of his brother sent from Virginia married early in life and his wife, Miss Anna Hill, a lovely woman, died in six weeks after their marriage. He never married again but devoted himself entirely to literary and scientific pursuits. He had two other brothers who also went to Virginia and were merchants or british factors at Kinsale on Yeocomoco River. George died and was buried at Yeocomoco Church. I saw his tombstone when last in Virginia. The other brother Thomas, when the revolution broke out returned to England leaving a large amount of debts due in Virginia. He died and the Rev. John Simpson of Roos, being the oldest, became heir and after it was decided under the Treaty of 1783 that British debts in the States of America, were recoverable by law, he sent his nephew Thomas Simpson to Virginia with authority to collect the debts due the House of George and Thomas Simpson and the wife and the two children of Thomas Simpson went to Roos to live with the Uncle till his return.

On his arrival in Virginia he was introduced to John James Maund, an eminent lawyer who had married the youngest daughter of old Councillor Carter of Nominy Hall and was living at Nomony Hall in great style and splendor; and into Maunds hands all these claims were put for collection, amounting to over 100,000 pounds, on the best men in the county and many of them secured by mortgage. Maund Nomony Hall the home of his client and feasted him in princely style. At first he wrote to his wife and Uncle the progress he was making and he hoped in the course of two years to complete the collections and be able to return to England. But high living overcame him and he became intemperate and stopped his correspondence. Things went on in this way for over two years when Maund fell dead at the Bar and when matters came

to be investigated the claims had either been collected or settled in debts against Maund and he was totally insolvent and Thomas Simpson was a sot and he never wrote a line to his wife or his uncle making any explanation of his conduct. After waiting a year or more without hearing from him, his wife took her two children and came to Virginia and although nearly broken hearted she angel like strove to reclaim him. She brought some effects with her, some plate and jewelry and some money, and to take him from his evil associates they moved to Gloucester County where he kept a small store, but there was no reformation and in a year or so she died, no doubt of a broken heart, and was buried in a churchyard near York River, the name of which I have forgotten.

The daughter Elizabeth, the youngest of the Rev. Joseph Simpson's children, married Henry Sisson Redman, a man of good estate, who soon died leaving a young widow and one child, a girl named Lucy. The widow then married Colonel, afterwards, General Alexander Parker. After the death of your grandmother, Gen. and Mrs. Parker took the two children, John the oldest was bound to Timothy Green, Editor of the Virginia Herald at Fredericksburg, and Mrs. Parker raised the daughter your mother.

About this time Thomas Skinker of the Grove in Fauquier County died and by his will left the Grove and a lot of land adjoining to his nephew Thomas Simpson and a few negroes, during his life and at his death the real property to go to his nephew, William Skinker of Spring Farm, and the negroes to Thomas Simpson's daughter, Elizabeth, your mother. Soured, disappointed and embittered with the world after the death of his wife, Thomas Simpson abandoned his children and relations and indeed I may say the world, and went to the Grove and lived a recluse. He never saw his son, although he was living in Fredricksburg within twenty miles of him, and I know he never



saw his daughter untill I went to live at Mount Ephraim in four miles of the Grove. He married a Miss Blackwell, a cousin of General Blackwell and a relation of the Keiths and Marshalls who had some property, but was a weak-minded woman with whom he lived without any social intercourse - not even with his cousin William Skinker who lived within two miles of him - or with General Blackwell, his wife's cousin, who only lived five miles off. His wife bore with his intemperance and ill humor particularly when intoxicated and feared him even to trembling, but I do not think he ever maltreated her further than with abusive and cross words. He was a learned man and scholar particularly in chemistry and compounding of medicines and all ways kept a stock of medicine in the house, and in that respect he was kind and did much good with the poor of the neighborhood. He would go and see them when sick and perscribe and furnish medicines without charge except that he required of them to hunt out, preserve and prepare and bring to him such roots, barks, flowers, berries and the like that he required in his pharmacy. They all believed him to be the wisest man since Solomon and feared and revered him accordingly and he was as exacting in their obedience.

Your great grand mother, Mrs. Mary Simpson, had her dower property and some property in her own right which she called her home and where she nominally lived with her son "My Lord Simpson," but as he rambled at large she spent the greater portion of her time with her daughter Mrs. General Parker, and at Windsor with her grand daughter Lucy. She was a cheerful active old lady and sometimes would make up parties of young people to spend a week or two at her plantation. Gen. Parker had one son named Henry and two daughters, Maria and Harriet. Then step-daughter Lucy Redman was growing up a great beauty and was soon married to William Spark, a man of fine talents

and high character and good estate, but threatened with symptoms of consumption with which he soon died leaving one child, a son. My brother Richard and Mr. Sparks were firm and inseperable friends and it was said that Mr. Spark made him promise him, on his death bed, that he would marry his widow. I do not believe that he exacted such a promise, but he did exact a promise that he would be the friend and protector of his wife and infant boy, and no man ever more faithfully fulfilled a promise to a dying friend, for he did become the husband to the widow and the father of the fatherless, discharging all those sacred duties to their death, for he outlived both to the overflowing of the measure. He had seven sons and two daughters with whom you are as well acquainted as I could be.

I will now close my history of your relations on the paternal side. When I gave up the management of the Post Office in the city of Richmond my brother Samuel went to Maryland to assist my brother George who had been elected High Sherriff of Princess Anne County, where he married a Miss Adams and died leaving two sons and two daughters with whom in your vigits to the north you had a better opportunity of forming an acquaintance than has been afforded to me. My sister Elizabeth, who had always taken care of our father after the death of our grandmother married her cousin, Capt. John Brown and had one only daughter, a sweet lovely girl, who married a Mr. Rice of good family. My sister Francis also married her cousin Thomas Brown and had two sons and two daughters. The first son died unmarried, the other named Harrison married a widow Lyall who had a daughter only and died leaving one son, whose baptisml name I have forgotten. Her daughter Miss Lyall married a merchant in Princess Anne, Maryland, and the widow of Harrison Brown and his son went to Maryland to live with her daughter, and

and that son is the only living descendent of my Uncle John Brown of the name of Brown. Of the daughters of my sister Fanny, one married a man by the name of Kirk and had one daughter named Mildred. Both of the parents died and my nephew Colonel Thomas Brown of Buena Vista adopted the orphan. The other daughter married a man named Butler living near Westmoreland Court House. They have a large family and are poor. My youngest brother, Ransdell, moved to Charlestown and had a store and died unmarried, as pure and as conscientious a christian as ever lived.

The only religious denominations in the Northern Neck untill after the War of 1812 were the Episcopalians, or Church of England, and the Baptist. The Episcopalians after the Revolution were very unpopular for their persecution of the Baptist and many rich and influential men became Baptist. My relative Mr. Samuel Templeman was a Baptist preacher, altho he had the charge of congregation. There were others in the same position who went about and preached with the of a church, some great orators such as Lunsford Lomax, Andrew Broadus and Robert B. Simple. The most distinguished orators of that day. They did not attack the tenets of the Episcopal Church but contended for the necessity of adult baptism. The last of the English clergy was the Rev. James Elliot, and there were no meetings for the people to attend but the Baptist. Consequently many joined them and my father and two oldest sisters and brother Ransdel joined them - so far as to submit to emertion but they adhered to the forms of the Prayer Book in their family service. My father lived with his two oldest daughters till past his four score years, and died as he had lived, a pure patient and uncomplaining Christian.

After we settled at Mount Ephraim your mother made every effort in her power to draw her father into society, but all without avail. If he

could be got to Mount Ephraim he would not stay an hour and his wife was immovable. She had become very fat and her mind naturally weak had almost failed her. Not long after my return from the army she died and our efforts were renewed and finally necessity compelled him. I had a very comfortable office in my yard with two rooms, in one of which was my library which he agreed to occupy. He had a woman who had always attended on him and could manage him better than anyone else, who kept his room in order - and the unremitting attentions of his daughter and the prattle of his little grandchildren were on him. He was unrestrained and could come to the table or eat in his room as he preferred, only in one thing was he restricted, and in that we had some trouble at first. He was restricted to one glass of toddy before dinner and a glass of wine at dinner and glass of toddy at night. He had never lost his religious impressions, always kept his Bible and Prayer Book in his room. In time he began to improve, paid more attention to his dress, converse freely and could tell many interesting anecdotes about English nobility and English life - in truth was a reformed man, lived with us for many years and died, I hope and believe a good Christian.

I devoted my attention to the improvement of my farm and began to acquire the reputation of a good farmer. In the spring of 1819 I was engaged in my farming pursuits when a committee of gentlemen arrived at announce to me that I had been nominated at March Court a candidate for the lower house of the General Assembly of Virginia. I thanked them for the honor but told them candidly that I could not accept the nomination. They appeared to be greatly surprised and said it was the custom of the party to make nominations without solicitation and I could not be permitted to decline, that the election took place at April Court and there was no

time to make another nomination but I was firm in my refusal and they left pretty much displeased. I had no hankering after political life, had not mixed with the people or gone to the Court House once in the year. The parties were Federal and Republican, and party spirit ran excessively high and the Federal Party had largely the majority in the county and had always elected their candidates. My colleague John P. Smith was in the upper part of the county and I in the lower end, sixty miles apart, and I could see that my nomination was not so much with a hope of my election as for the purpose of keeping the party together and I had no desire to be made a party hack horse. But the next day another committee came comprised of gentlemen of my acquaintance who might have more influence over me and it so resulted and I became a candidate, and told them as the election took place on the fourth Monday in April which allowed less than a month for the canvass, I intended to go right into it at once. I said I knew that the Federal party had a large majority in the county, but it was not in my nature to doubt of success and that I would go into the canvas with a determination to be elected and would go with them with the intention not to return to my home until after the election. I made a hasty preparation, took leave of my wife and children, and that night we went to Warrenton, the County town.

The candidates put in nomination by the Federal party were Col. John Kemper and Gen. B. Pukitt. Kemper was a man of powerful frame and an impertinent domineering bully with whom I had met in the service and had had some rough words, and I was told that when he heard of my nomination he said I was an interloper in the county and that he intended to put me down so flat that I would never try to get my friends to put me in nomination again, and I determined to follow him to every public place he went in the

county. The next Saturday after I entered the canvass we met at a muster ground under the Blue Ridge Mountains where I was a total stranger. I met him civilly but with nothing in my manner which intimated that I regarded him as a competitor. The company had formed and being the Colonel of the Regiment he went with them out to their parade ground. But I remained with elderly men and those not subject to do militia duty and tried to make acquaintance with them, but I soon saw that I was in a hot bed of Federalist. When the muster was over the men began to gather around the drinking stand. Someone invited me to go up and take a drink. I had scarcely put down the glass before Kemper in a foreward and rude manner began to put questions to me, evidently to draw me into a political dispute. I understood him in a moment, from his boysterous and overbearing manner to get into a squabble with him and put ideas into his head and let him declaim with his friends around him to applaud, I knew I would stand no chance. So I very quietly listened to him untill he demanded my answer to some question. I said, "we are candidates and have come here for the purpose of expressing our views to the people on public matters. I did not come here to be criticized by you sir. As you have begun now go on and I will listen to you attentively and when you have done I will reply to you." This knocked him all aback. To make a set speech was, I knew, out of his power, and he began to talk loud and bluster. Several cried out, "that is a fair proposition. Go on and make a speech." He floundered on for a little while in a violent and declamatory way, abusing the administration and the war, all assertion without argument or reasoning - and founded. I said, "Are you done, sir?" and the people cried out, "Go on, go on." He started again and broke down and the people cried, "Go on." I could see disappointment among his friends

and he finally gave it up, and I said, "I call you all to witness that I have not interrupted Colonel Kemper and I hope will not be interrupted in replying to him." In his violent declarations and bald assertions he had laid himself open to me as fully as I could desire and I did not spare him, and he broke in. I stopped and said, "I did not expect to be interrupted, but if you have not said all you intended to say I will give way and let you have an opportunity now." But several of his political friends cried out indignantly, "The stranger must not be interrupted, he has treated you gentlemanly and you must treat him so." I then put on him as hard as I could lay it on not to violate the rules of propriety, and he withered under it and the company applauded me several times which made him furious. As I closed I said, "Gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention," and as my horse was near at hand I walked right over to him and as I mounted him he called out to me to come back and hear what he had to say. I answered back, he would have a plenty of opportunities before the close of the canvass and as I galloped off I heard a shout go up for the manner I had out-generaled him. I attended every place where there was any gathering of the people, but Col. Kemper never attempted to make another political speech, nor could he be provoked to it; it was not his forte. Personal political disputation was his forte and to get into a personal political squabble was to insure him triumph, and he tried every method to provoke me into one, but I understood him too well to give him advantages which he could only obtain by violence and abuse. The idea never entered his head that I could defeat him in the election and he contented himself with the use of declamation abuse and loud talk. His colleague was an intelligent gentleman who could make a plain modest address and my colleague was a man of the same character.

The great mass of the people, men and women, were , and are, fond of stump eloquence particularly about electioneering time; and it was not uncommon on the Sabbath for the preacher after he had closed the services of the day, if he saw candidates present, to invite them to address the congregation. My electioneering was done principally by making stump speeches. I never asked any man for his vote. I would as soon have asked him to give me a dollar when I went to their houses. I merely expressed my views on public matters. But much can be done by address and manner if the candidate has a tolerable knowledge of human nature with experience and judgement. I lodged one night with a political friend who told me he had a very rich old neighbor who had been an active and intolerent Federalist and could influence some twenty or more of his neighbors, but that he had become soured with his party and had not voted for the last year or two. His children all had married and were settled and he in his old days had married a young wife. He thought if I would go and see him and manage my cards well I might keep him neutral or even get his vote. So the next morning I went to breakfast to Major Clark's (that was his name). There was a light frost and it was quite cool under the mountains. I went boldly up to the door and gave three smart raps and a servant came and to my inquiry answered that Major Clark was at home and ushered me in to a small breakfast room where the old gentleman was sitting close up to the fire. I introduced myself and my object in calling on him. He gave something of a grunt and said yes! poking about for votes. There were two here the other day, but if the people would all do like him they would not get much encouragement and would wait for the people to call on them. He did not ask me to take a chair and looked as sour and hard as a crab apple. My friend had given me a full incite into his character. No ways disconcerted, I took a chair and drew near to the

fire, for my feet were cold. Some minutes passed before I made him any reply, when I said, "Major Clark, I am a farmer as you are and had no more desire to offer myself a candidate for office than you have. I had not been at the Court House for many months, but by a meeting of the people at the last court I was nominated and when I was informed of it I refused to accept the nomination. But it was urged as a duty I owed to the people of my county, and my objection was overruled, and being a stranger to a large portion of the people, that they may have an opportunity to know some of me, I have undertaken this electioneering tour." He did not relax anything of his austerity and was as crabbed in his replies to my questions. I asked him if he knew the gentlemen who had called on him. No! He was not well and did not go out to see them, but Suckey did not seem to like them. Oh! I thought, the wind blows in that direction. A young wife. Presently a neatly dressed healthy looking young woman, and quite pretty, walked into the room leading by the hand a rosey checked boy in frocks, to whom he introduced me as Mrs. Clark. The contrast between the two was as great as bleak December and Rosey May. It was a great relief to me and we soon got into a free conversation, and I could see that he was proud of his wife and pleased that I paid attention to her. I did not forget that "Suckey did not seem to like" my opponants. We talked of the weather, climate and situation, its healthfulness and picturesque views, all of which was true, for it was immediately under the spurs of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the lady was evidently of better sanity than the old man had been accustomed to. At length I said I see sufficient evidence of the health of your residence in yourself and this rosey cheek boy. I would judge this is your first. Yes! She said, and only one. The old man was dangling him on his knee. A great

pet, I see, with his father, and very much like him. (I acknowledge the fib.) The old man's countenance relaxed into a grin smile. "Yes!" said he, "They do say the brat is like me. Suckey, I reckon the gentleman would like a dram." and Suckey soon brought the old Peach Brandy and honey and I prepared a glass and offered some to Suckey and the boy. The old man would take it raw. And then we were summoned to breakfast and the old gentleman was quite talkative and gave me his reasons why he had not voted for several years. I said, "Major Clark, you were in the Revolution and fought for the liberties we now enjoy. The most important of all, the right to choose our rulers or public servants. Are you justified in giving up the inestimable right because some of our public men have not done their duty. Are you not setting a dangerous example. You fought for the liberty we enjoy of choosing our public men. If you say, by your example, that it is a privilege, not work enjoying, your neighbors who have confidence in you will do likewise and the election of our public men will be left to the few ambitious and designing, and the liberties our forefathers won for you won't last long." It struck him with great force. He said, "Young man, you are right. I see it plainly." After breakfast I took leave of the wife and son and he walked out with me to my horse and when we parted, said, "You may see me at the election. I shan't tell you how I may vote, but I think we will meet again." The elections at that day always took place at the Court House on Court Day, and the High Sheriff was the judge of the elections. On Court Day the election had progressed evidently in favor of the Republican party. The vote being taken Viva Vorse, it was easily told how the election was running. Colonel Keeper was getting very uneasy. When Major Clark made his appearance at

the bar of the High Sherrif with some thirty following behind. The moment Kemper saw him he cried out, "We are glad to see you, Major Clark, and the strong party behind you." But the old man took not the least notice of him untill he entered the Bar, when looking up he said, "Young man, I told you that it was probable you would see me heretoday." When the High Sherriff asked, for whom do you vote, he replied for "Thomas Brown," and walked out and every man who followed him gave the same vote. It was a death stroke to the old Colonel and the party. When the polls were closed the Republican candidates were declared elected by a decided majority. It was a surprise to everybody and many of the leading Federalists said to me; you may make much of this. You have taken us by surprise, but it is the last time you will ever have the honor of representing this county. The next time we will bring out stronger men. I did not expect to be a candidate again, but as you have bantered me with your strong men, I will be a candidate and you may now consider one and now bring out your best men.

This was at the beginning of the great money crisis of 1817, and before the meeting of the General Assembly leading men from every part of the county were writing to me or coming to see me on account of the distresses of the times. Something must be done by the Legislature for the relief of the people. I said I could not see how the Legislature could vote money into the pockets of the people, but I certainly would do everything in my power legitimately for their relief.

When the Legislature met a bill was introduced to Stay Executions, called a "Stay Law," and a committee came down from my county with instructions to their delegates to vote for it. I told them that I had examined the question and had come to the conclusion that the Legislature had no power to

pass such a law; that the Constitution of the United States declared that the states should pass no law impairing the obligation of contracts which certainly would be the effect of such a law, and therefore I would oppose it. Everything was done to intimidate me. The people had instructed me and if I did not vote for the bill I had better not return to the county for even the women would stone me. I replied that I did not recognize the right of the people to instruct me to vote against my conscience, nor did I regard the instructions sent me as the instructions of the people but the instructions of the interested few. That I would oppose the passage of the bill and would return to the county if I lived and give the people who elected me an account of my stewardship and be a candidate for re-election as the best test of my obedience to their will. After a violent struggle the bill was rejected and my name stood recorded against its passage. The Legislature had a long session and it was late in March when I returned to my county. I remained only one day with my family. The County of Fauquier was one of the largest counties in the state, 70 miles in length and over 30 in width, with a population of over 38,000. I went over the whole county and made stump speeches every day and under the Blue Ridge Mountains women did throw stones at me whilst I was speaking. All sorts of stories were told of me. I was the most hard hearted villian in the world. That I had said I would sell a widows last cow or the bed under her and her children. The election day came and the Federalists were defeated by an increased majority against them. My majority was very large.

After this triumph and unquestionable declaration of the people that they approved my course in the Legislature I had no more necessity for electioneering. In the session of the General Assembly of Virginia in the

winter of 1819-20 the elector for the Electoral District in which Fauquier County was embraced for the election of President and Vice President of the U. S. from some cause did not attend the Electoral College and I was elected by the Legislature to fill his place. It was for the second term of Col. Monroe's Presidency. I attended the meeting of the college and acted as the secretary. Of course, Col. Monroe was elected by almost the unanimous vote of the people of the United States. It was the winter that the abolition question was first sprung in the congress of the United States, on the application of the Territory of Missouri for admission into the Union. And the adoption of the compromise measures, known as "The Missouri Compromise." Resolutions were introduced with the Virginia Legislature protesting against any action of Congress on the subject. It was contended that slavery was a Domestic Municipal Institution over which Congress and the Federal Government had no power to act. I supported the resolutions and voted for them. But the "Compromise" was adopted. It was the entering wedge of congressional intervention on the subject of slavery which in forty years wrought the disruption of the Union.

Your uncle John Simpson, your mother's brother, was a young man of promising talents and before the expiration of his indentures to the proprietor of the Virginia Herald he became useful to Mr. Green in the Editorial Department of the paper. Soon after he became of age he received letters from his great uncle, the Rev. John Simpson of Roos proposing to set him up in a printing establishment if he would come to England. He accepted the offer and was well established. But he soon became tired of it and gave it up, much against the wish of his Uncle and took passage in a ship for America. At sea he wrote a letter to his sister in a very gloomy state of mind. The substance of which was that on board of the ship was a

Trustees of his will with power to sell and dispose of all his property real and personal except the Estate of Stanley Hall, in the County of Cumberland and to collect all monies due him by _____ bond or mortgagee; and then to pay a few specific legacies in England and then, all the rest and residue of his property he gave to his relations in Virginia: Viz. To his nephew the Rev. Joseph Simpson of Centerville in the County of Fairfax and to his daughter Anna, he gave specific legacies of 800 pounds cash. To his nephew Thomas Simpson of the Grove in the County of Fauquier he gave a specific legacy of 800 pounds. To John Simpson, the son of the Rev. Joseph Simpson, he gave the Stanly Hall Estate, and in the event of his death to Thomas Simpson and to his heirs forever. To Elizibeth, daughter of his nephew, Thomas Simpson of the Grove and "Wife of the Hon. Thomas Brown of Mount Ephraim in the County of Fauquier, a member of the Parliament of Virginia," he gave a specific legacy of 800 pounds and then made her his sole residuary legatee. John Simpson, the son of the Rev. Joseph, died in the state of Louisiana when he was about twenty two years old and before the death of the Testator, so that your mother became heir of the Stanly Hall Estate and at least two thirds of her great uncle's other estate in the hands of his executors in trust. As the specific legacies were not a moiety of his estate.

This will was a surprise to all of us but especially so to me. How my name became known in England at all, especially as a "Member of the Parliament of Virginia," I could not imagine. And how the copy of the will with forms and instructions to me how to proceed in the matter should be sent to me when the Rev. Joseph Simpson and my wife's father had been school

companions of the Rev. Christopher Sykes and were legatees in the will. I declined running for the Legislature and went to work to prepare for my trip to England. I had little or no difficulty in preparing all my papers as the attorney had prepared all the forms and the mode of authentication in Virginia were the same as in England.

At Washington I obtained my passport and President Monroe charged me with dispatches to Mrs. Rush our Minister to the Court of St. James. At New York I took passage in the Albion one of Isaac Wrights line of monthly packets to Liverpool. When selecting my stateroom I saw a card on the door of one of the staterooms "Lt. Brooker of the Royal Navy". I had seen so much of house burning, plunder and robbery and other outrages perpetrated in my native state on the Potomac by the officers and marines under Admiral Cockburn that I at once made up my mind to have no acquaintance with Lt. Brook of the R. N. and to insult him if occasion offered. There were as many passengers as the ship could accommodate of fashionable looking ladies and gentlemen. Before we lost sight of land some of the passengers began to show signs of sea sickness, although we had barely a six knot breeze and by night more than two-thirds had disappeared. Of the few who remained on deck was a small man plainly dressed, a fine honest face and of easy good manners. As there is not much regard to formality among people shut up in a ship for a voyage across the Atlantic, we soon got into free conversation and by the third day we were close friends, set together at the table, walked the decks and talked on and of matters in general. I had yet seen nothing of the Lt. of the R. N. One day this friend asked me if I had been much at sea in my life. I replied that I had never crossed the Atlantic but that I was accustomed to the water in coasting vessels. He remarked that

I did not seem to be affected by seasickness and had very good sea legs. I said I might make the same remark of him. He said that was true, as his "home was on the sea," he belonged to the British R. N. and introduced himself as Lt. Brooker. I made an obscure start and felt something rising in me very much like the a ____ c _____. I asked almost rudely, "Were you with Admiral Cockburn?" He answered, "All the time he was in the waters of the Potomac." By this time I was getting hot and rudely demanded, "And what do you think of him?" He was a Scotchman and his pronunciation was rather broad. He answered, "I think him a damn savage." In a moment I was cool and saw that I had been rude and apologized for my manner and described the scenes I was witness of in the county where I was born. He said he had witnessed them too. That Sir John Bourbin (Borlase?) Warren was recalled because he would not do such acts of barbarism and Sir George Cockburn - he pronounced it, Coburn - was selected for that purpose. That many of the officers denounced his conduct as a disgrace to the British Navy, but he was selected for the purpose and his officers could not prevent it. From that time we were warm friends and whilst in England we were often together and he introduced me to many friends and contributed largely to the making of my time agreeable whilst I was in England.

The passengers, some sixty or more, of ladies and gentlemen, constituted the most agreeable party I ever was associated with. The Albion was the crack ship of the time and Capt. Williams, her commander, one of the most noble of men. He told me that she was built with his own hands and by his own eye and was the best sailor that had ever crossed the Atlantic. Her accommodations were of the richest and most costly kind, and no hotel in any city could surpass the entertainment. The passengers knew nothing of

the privations of a trip to Europe. Warm breads of every variety, even to corn cakes, were baked every day. There were cows to furnish fresh milk for all, mutton, pigs, fowls of all kinds and were butchered daily as for market. Eggs and all varieties of vegetables, even green peas, and ice the whole passage over. And great respect was paid to etiquette at dinner. Capt. Williams always presiding at the head of the table and wines and spirits and malt liquors were on the table and at the call of any one. When the courses were all over, with the desert, the clothes were removed and fruits, nuts and choice wines closed the dinner with toasts, songs and anecdotes, and this was the course every day. In the morning breakfast lasted till ten and parties went in as they liked. Lunch at 1 PM and Capt. Williams boasted that there was nothing of nai nais relishes and choice viands for a lunch that he could not produce if called for. Tea in the evening and regular supper. Music dancing, cards, backgamon, etc., closed the day. Among the passengers was an Episcopal clergyman who by the request of the passengers held service morning and evening in the large saloon and preached on the sabbath. I never heard a sailor use a profane word during the voyage and that was the terms on which they were shipped.

I fell in with one old friend, Mr. James Hagarty, whom I associated with in Richmond, on his return to Liverpool where he had been residing for the last three years and I made on the voyage some very agreeable acquaintances, amongst whom were Arthur and John Middleton, sons of the Hon. Henry Middleton of Charleston, S. C. En route to St. Petersburg, who were on their way to join their father in London en route for St. Petersburg. There was also a Mr. Weeks of New York who soon made you regard him as a very wealthy man who never having taken the charge of a family had devoted himself to

literature and was a member of all the philosophical societies in the city of New York and was then on a mission to similar societies in Europe. But from certain vain assuming and mean and penurious traits and habits he succeeded better in making an impression of his wealth than of his literary acquirements. The truth was, he was not a man of tolerable education or of very good breeding, all of which he tried to pass for, and used his money for that object. In person and figure he was a fine looking man just passing the meridian of life. There was also another passenger, a noble son of the "Emerald Isle," and one of her best specimens in figure and heart, a chivalrous, high strung gentleman, a merchant in London. All the passengers were of the best order. Many accomplished ladies who played and sang well and invented many amusements to pass off the time; and the weather conspired to help them. We had a steady breeze so as to keep the sails full. We were half across the Atlantic before we ever changed our course and we never had occasion to reef or take in a sail the whole voyage which was made in twenty days. Never was there a more pleasant trip made across the Atlantic. "We got up to eat and sat down to play." Among other amusements on the deck in the daytime we played pool and backgammon. This was an innocent amusement as a number were engaged in it and two only could play at a time, the others could walk about the deck and converse as it came to the turn of one to play he put down his shilling and played untill he was beaten and another put down his shilling and took his place and so on. The sums won or lost were of no importance to anyone. But Mr. Weeks manifested great sensitiveness as his side won or lost. Whereas, Mr. O'Bryan, the Irishman, was hilarious and good humored untill some remark of Mr. Weeks excited his worn blood and caused a retort and drew from Mr. Weeks another reply which Mr. O'Bryan regarded

as an insult. Nothing further was said, no wrangling or quarreling, but as soon as the amusement was over, Mr. Weeks received a note from Mr. O'Bryan to choose a friend and appoint the terms on which to meet him the moment they reached land. This threw Mr. Weeks all into pieces. He would give no decided reply to the note. O'Bryan demanded a positive acceptance or rejection of his note. Weeks prevaricated in truth he was a coward and tried to bluff O'Bryan off, but O'Bryan was firm and determined but the harmony of the party was not in the least disturbed, a few only knew anything about it. At length O'Bryan notified Weeks that if he did not accept his challenge and make arrangements for the meeting when they reached land, the moment they put their feet on shore he would attack him and to prepare himself for it. This threat alarmed Weeks and he called on me to interpose and try to settle it. Mr. O'Bryan was cool and determined, said he would do nothing on board of the ship to disturb its harmony, but the moment they reached land it should be settled in one way or the other. I had a great deal of difficulty. Weeks was pompous and tried to keep up a bold front but lacked magnanimity. At length I proposed that Mr. O'Bryan should withdraw his challenge and Mr. Weeks should withdraw the offensive words he had used and declare that he did not intend them in an offensive sense and say he regretted he had been betrayed into the use of them. This was accepted readily by both sides and the matter was amicably settled, without having been known to but a few on board of the ship, and I became a favorite with both parties. As a Virginian who was well versed in the law of the duel and who was due to the honor of the belligerents, whereas I never was concerned in a duel on my own account in my life.

(Clear?)

As we passed Cape Clair, Capt. Williams, pointing over to the coast of Ireland and then to the coast of Wales and Canarvon Bay on the opposite side of the channel said to me, "There are more sailors' bones in those two bays than in any other part of the ocean." The second trip he made afterwards the Albion was wrecked on Cape Clair and out of 67 souls on board, 5 only were saved, and Capt. William's lie there with the rest to increase the quantity.

We got into the mouth of the Mersey about sun down and came too, as the ship could not go up to Liverpool that night. Soon after, a boat came along side and offered to take some of the passengers up to town and Lagerty, the two Middletons, Lt. Brooker and myself took advantage of the offer and were smuggled into Liverpool altho, the Revenue cutters were on the look out. The next morning the ship came into dock and we went down to clear our baggage. When our baggage was all brought on deck and our trunks were given to porters to carry up to the Custom House to be examined. The Middletons had a box of cigars and a case of pistols, both of which were prohibited by the revenue laws of England. One of the Middletons took them up and handed them to his servant, whereas all the other baggage was given in charge of porters. The whole party started off to the Custom House under the charge of a Tide Waiter. When we got to the street leading to the Custom House I noticed that Arthur Middleton took occasion to pass by the Tide Waiter and their hands might have brushed. Just as we were turning into Custom House street while Middleton's servant was carelessly going up the street to the Waterloo Hotel, unconscious that he was not going the same way we were. The gentleman who examined our trunks was a fine looking man, polite and gentlemanly. When I handed him my keys I said, if there is anything in my trunks prohibited by your revenue laws, I beg you not to

suppose that I put them with any design to evade your revenue laws. Some books I had to amuse me on the voyage I put on top so that it might appear that I had no design to conceal. He took up one of the books and said they are prohibited by our revenue laws but I know your object in having them along and of course they will not be noticed, and sticking his finger down on each side of the trunk without moving anything he locked the trunk and handed me the keys without opening the other trunk, and said, it is not necessary I know you are a gentleman. Now, what could I do? I wanted to give him a guinea, but could I say, I know you are a gentleman and therefore I will give you a guinea for your politeness. If I had attempted it I would have dodged expecting him to strike me, as I most assuredly would have done if such an insult had been offered me. - No! I thanked him for his politeness and gave to each of the porters standing before him, a crown, when I knew that six pence was all they expected for bringing my trunks from the ship. I let him see that it was not niggardliness that restrained me from offering him anything. Amongst the baggage of Mr. Weeks of New York was a small box marked for some philosophical society on the continent which he said contained specimens of mineralogy of the state of New York. The gentleman told him that the duty on all such articles was one guinea a pound and taking up the box, which I saw was heavy and poising it between his two hands, said it must weigh, I reckon, four or five pounds. But Mr. Weeks, instead of saying, yes! I expect it will weigh five pounds, and handing him five guineas, began in a very pompous manner to protest against it and to make a big speech. It was for the cause of science and such things ought to go free of duty. The officer very civilly replied, that speech might do very well before Parliament where the laws were made, but he was only an

excutive officer whose duty it was to see the law enforced; and calling to the weighmaster he said, weigh this box. It weighed 27 pounds, and turning to Mr. Weeks, he said, the duty on this box is 27 guineas, and he had to pay it. I never was better pleased at any little occurrence. It showed how the worshipper of the almighty dollar may sometimes overreach himself by his meanness and littleness of mind.

I kept a journal of my visit to England, rough and crude enough, which I intended to copy or rather rewrite while all the circumstances, incidents and impressions were fresh on my mind, but other duties and engagements interposed to procrastinate and defer that design untill it was too stale a matter for me to undertake; especially as I had no intention to perpetrate on the public a book of My Travels. You have all, my dear daughters, seen that crude manuscript and have I am sure seen little of interest in it, save as so far it involved pecuniary matters of interest to yourselves. I have not seen that manuscript for many years and probably it is lost, which certainly will be no loss to the literary world, and as it may regard your own individual proclivities I can not now pretend to run over the same ground; sufficient then to say, that my voyage companions left Liverpool that day except Mr. Hagarty, who was at his home, and I was comparatively a stranger, but I had letters of introduction to Mr. Maury, the American consul at Liverpool, who was from Fredericksburg, and with whose family I was intimately acquainted, and to Mr. Samuel Gordon, who was of a Scotch family but was a Virginian by birth, as was also Mrs. Gordon and to other gentlemen in Liverpool. All of whom received me with so much cordial hospitality that I had no impressions on my mind that the broad Atlantic was rolling between me and the New World, or that I was really in the Old World,

of which I had read only. I remained in Liverpool a few days. In London I called at the office of Mr. Rush in Downing Street with my dispatches from President Monroe. I found Mr. Smith the Secretary of Ligation, who informed me that Mr. Rush was out of town but said he would be in tomorrow. I delivered to him my dispatches with my card for Mr. Rush. I know that it is the etiquette in deplomatic stations that a citizen who calls on his resident minister at a foreign court, although he may leave his card, it is expected by the minister that he will continue to call untill he finds him at his office before the minister can come down from his dignity of position to return the call. But, as the dispatches which I brought had no relation to myself or required that I should receive an answer, and as I was not in a situation which required the aid, assistance or favor of Mr. Rush officially or individually, I intended that Mr. Rush should waive etiquette and call on me; as I was a Virginia gentleman whose standing in London was as high as any yankee plenipotentiary. But Mr. Rush did not call on me and I had not the honor of seeing him. But John Middleton called on me within twentyfour hours after my arrival in London and by the request of his father took me to his residence in Bond Street where I was introduced to him and a remarkably fine looking and accomplished daughter. Mr. Middleton was on the eve of his departure for Paris, then to the Court of the Czar at St. Petersburg, and very politely and urgently invited me to join his family to Paris and St. Petersburg. But I had done nothing in regard to the business which had taken me to England and to go on immediately to Russia would render it improbable that I would be able to return to England untill the next year and duty and home where were loving wife and children patiently praying for my speedy and safe return vetoed the thought. I had to decline the courteous

invitation. It was a strong exercise of self denial. It was a most desirable and gratifying opportunity to travel in the family of a minister from my own country into foreign lands. One I was sure could never present itself again. But the remembrance of loved ones and the stern demands of duty caused me to decline what thousands would have caught at with joy.

As Mr. Dale, one of the executors of the estate, lived in the city of York, I repaired to that ancient city and was received by Mr. Dale and his estimable family with great consideration and kindness. My papers were presented to Mr. Holmes, the attorney of the estate, and were pronounced to be correct and properly authenticated, as required by the laws of England; and I had no delay or difficulties thrown in my way of a speedy settlement. I visited the Rev. Mr. Sykes at Roos to which living he succeeded after the death of our testator, the Rev. John Simpson. At York I received a letter from Miss Hannah Chambers, the cousin of your grandmother, requesting me to visit her at Haughton Le Spring, Durham, and on my way to Cumberland to see the Stanley Hall property I stopped to see her and found her in the family of a Doctor Bell where she spent a portion of her time. I would have supposed her to be turned of fifty, probably she might be bordering on sixty, English women carry their age surprisingly. She was cheerful, sprightly and talkative. She told me that she lived at Burwick on Tweede where her property lay, but spent much of her time with Doctor Bell, whose daughters were her particular friends. The doctor had two daughters who I observed were very devoted in their attentions to "Miss Hannah," and could not do anything that might be in their way. Miss Hannah gave me a long history of the Chambers family. She was the last one of this name. She had no brother or sister. She gave me a steel seal with the head of Anthony Chambers cut on it with an enormous wig, which she regarded as an important family relique.

Anthony Chambers married Miss Hannah Trollope, the sister of Sir John Trollope, and had two sons only. The oldest of those sons had a son and a daughter. The son was appointed a Judge in the East Indies and died unmarried. The daughter, your grandmother, married Thomas Simpson. The other son was her father. Both of the sons of Anthony Chambers died early as did their wives. But her grandmother, who was Hannah Trollope and after whom she was named, was still living, very rich and very old. She had strong expectations but she was in the hands of the Trollopes and might be overruled. I believe it so resulted. I think she got nothing from her grandmother. Such is the account of the maternal side of your family in England from your mother's relation, Miss Hannah Chambers. She made me give her the names, ages and sex of all my children which she carefully recorded.

I had letters to gentlemen of distinction in the County of Cumberland and at Corkermouth. To Mr. W. Brown of Tallantin Hall, Mr. Kurmin of Workington Hall, the member of Parliament and the great agriculturalist, and others who took me to their houses and showed me very pointed attention. I had also a letter from the Attorney of the Executors to an attorney in Corkermouth named Rudd, whom I appointed my solicitor and who was marked in his attentions and services. Went with me to Stanly Hall and the villiage of Embleton on the estate which lies on the Lake of Bassentwaith. The Stanly Hall house is built of stone and heavy oak beams and is the inn of the villiage with the sign of the Blue Bell, and was kept by a man named Meals. All the villiage was in commotion on the occasion of the visit of the landlord. All had something to be done, some of the houses wanted repairs, the of were out of repair, the hedges wanted renewing. I told them that Mr. Rudd was my solicitor and to point out to

him what was necessary to be done and I would make the appropriation.

Mr. Rudd suggested that when a landlord visited his tenants for the first time it was usual to give them some little entertainment, and I told Mr. Meals of the Blue Bell to prepare what was usual and we took a walk through the villiage which consisted of about a dozen small houses and closes and the villiage church. When we returned the colation was ready and the whole villiage partook in which Mr. Rudd and myself joined, and my health was drank by man and woman, boy and maiden. When we were leaving each head of a house came up and acknowledged me his landlord and Mr. Meals held my sturrup when mounting my horse.

On our return to Cockermouth I spent the evening with Mr. Rudd, who had a very tonish and quite accomplished wife, pretty and interesting; and played well on the piano, and played some of my favorite scotch airs; and when she saw that they were familiar to me and that I named others which I asked her to play, she manifested great surprise and asked, Why! have you this music in America? Yes! in Virginia it is very common. -- and then to be complimentary I said, not always played with such judgement and execution. She played well. There was a portrait in the room which frequently engaged my attention. I had seen it before, and to her remark that it attracted my notice I said, it was not unknown on the western side of the Atlantic. That the name and even the likeness of Marquis, Lord Cornwallis was familiar in Virginia. She showed much gratification and said Marquis, Lord Cornwallis was her great Uncle. That did not at all surprise me as I knew that the younger branches of noble families often married attorneys and other professional personages who were doing well in their persuits.

My wife told me that she had two distant relations residing in Corkermouth, young ladies of the name of Simpson and desired me to inquire after them. Mr. Rudd was acquainted with them and went with me to call on them. I spent an evening with them. They were nice young ladies, not married and living by themselves in very good style. They told me that they had an uncle but I did not see him, and a brother a merchant in London. They made many kind inquiries about their relations in Virginia but I thought I could see that they regarded them as having been in their way. I spent a very pleasant time in Cumberland with highly distinguished families which compelled me to abandon my contemplated trip to Edinburgh and hastened back to York and London by the way of Penrith where I had letters from the Yeates of Jefferson County to Major Yeates of Aglonby. On the 18th day of September I stopped at night at Appleby to take a to Harrogate in the morning. The landlady of the inn, quite a gentile woman, conducted me into the supper room where a small table was spread for supper, and while she was preparing something at the table a little girl about seven years old entered the room so much like my dear Helena in feature, form and dress, even the light little villiage hat. she had on when I pressed the last kiss on her lips at parting in Fredericksburg, that I sprung from my chair, grasped her up in my arms and had given her kiss upon kiss before the affrighted child and the astonished mother could even look their surprise. As soon as I recovered myself possession I attempted to explain the cause of my conduct when the mother began to comprehend the facts, that I was a father in a strange land many thousands of miles from wife and children, one of whom this one so much resembled, all her sympathies were awaken and tears rolled down her kind expressive face. The child became fond of me, sat in my lap and prattled.

The mother asked many questions about the new world of which she had only heard, and was surprised that I should be so much like English people. It was not imagination in me, it was my Helena, the face, the same light thin figure, the dress and the same little hat. The more I saw of her the more deeply was the impression made on my mind, and it remains now, as fresh as ever. - - When I reached New York in November after I received letters from home telling me of the death of my Helena on the 18th day of September. There are facts. My journal will show that I stopped at the inn near Applebary on the 18th September and got to Harrowgate on the 19th. The family record will tell the other. I never made any record of this incident or ever spoke of it. It was too near my heart, too sacred to make comment on.

I returned to the old walled city of York, went to Roos and many other places in the North of England, settled all my matters without any difficulty, received letters of audit and orders for the sale of

on the banking house of Sir Robert Glenn & Co. of for the amount of the trust fund then in hand, went to London and saw much of its wonders, was there during the trial of the Queen, or Caroline the wife of the Prince Regent. Dined with men of consideration and of no consideration, ascended with a young Irishman the steeple of St. Pauls Church, and entered the Ball and touched the foot of the Cross, made arrangement for the investment and transfer of the money in trust for the benefit of the legatees in Virginia and returned to Liverpool on my embarkment for Virginia. I had ordered a state room to be taken in the Nestor for October, one of the regular line of packers. When I arrived in Liverpool my agent, Mr. Samuel Gordon informed me with a sympathizing countenance that he feared I would be disappointed in my expectation of sailing in the

October packet as he had applied for my passport to return in the Nestor and was informed that my passport had not been presented to the alien office in London and recorded and certified to the Custom House Department at Liverpool, and that I would have to return to London and correct the error which would be attended with some trouble and delay. This information was astounding. I had not registered my passport as law and custom required but all my arrangements had been made to return home to my wife and children. My heart was with them and I could not be disappointed. I would resist custom house regulations before I would consent to be disappointed in going in the Nestor which was to sail in the morning. So I told Mr. Gordon I would go and see the officer myself which he advised me to do, but did not give me any hope of success. When I got to the custom house who should I meet but the identical officer who had treated me so politely on my arrival and to whom I had given so many thanks but no guineas. Now, I said to myself, my chickens are coming home to roost. I shall be paid off in kind and be politely told that I must go back to London and explain the cause of my not registering my passport and obtaining a certificate and right of clearance. But I determined to meet it boldly and addressed cordially saying I remembered with pleasure his kind and polite treatment to me on my arrival from New York in the line of packet ship the Albean, and was mortified to understand from my commission agent Mr. Gordon that I had been guilty of an oversight and neglect in not reporting myself at the alien office in London and having my passport registered and certified. My apology was the great kindness and politeness which I met with on my arrival in Liverpool and in every part of the Kingdom wherein I had travelled, and speaking the same language and finding the same manners and customs, I

had lost sight of the fact that I was in a foreign land, and the necessity of a passport or any of the regulations to which I was subjected, from no disrespect but rather from the confidence I felt in the government of England and her people which I likened to my own. He very kindly and cordially recognized me, said he remembered my arrival in Albion and said it was true that my failure to register my passport in the Alien Office in London would prevent my obtaining a clearance to sail in the Nestor tomorrow, and might cause me some delay, trouble and expense if insisted on, but he recognized me as a gentleman and he did not think the state of the times required a rigid enforcement of the laws in regard to alien travellers especially from the United States, and turning to his desk he wrote out my clearance and handed it to me. Now, I thought, I will have an opportunity to show him my gratitude for his politeness and said, taking out my purse which was pretty well filled with guineas, "Permit me, sir," "No!" he replied, "that will be included in the charges which your agent will attend to." "You have been very kind to me, sir, and relieved my mind from much anxiety and perplexity on account of my thoughtlessness," I replied, but I had not the heart to take out a few guineas and say will you accept this. I saw from the expression of his gentlemanly face that it would have lowered me in his estimation and no two strangers ever parted more cordially. When I returned to Mr. Gordon's counting house with my passport in my hand he was greatly surprised and said I was fortunate that such a thing had not occurred in his transactions with the custom house. That I must have made a strong impression on the officer.

In Liverpool I met with my travelling acquaintance to the hall on the steeple of St. Pauls Church, Mr. McDams, a batchelor merchant in

Liverpool with whom I agreed to spend my last evening in England. The party consisted of about a dozen good hearty fellows. The supper was of course substantial and well served and as well discussed, and then came on hot Irish whiskey punch and I knew what I would have to encounter and made up my mind to meet it. It is usual at these suppers for each one to make his own glass, but Mr. McAdams had the materials brought to him and he made the glasses himself and sent them round. The whiskey was so old and mild that its potency was not perceivable. The song and anecdote which went round with great spirit during the first glass began to flag considerably before the second glasses were emptied, and feeling fully satisfied that I had supported my reputation well and showed my respect for Irish hospitality for if I was not drunk they were in a condition so to consider me. I emptied my glass and bidding them good night I took my hat and withdrew without the slightest opposition and worked my way to my room at the Waterloo where I slept soundly untill the hour for going aboard of the packet ship where I found a package of old Irish whiskey and a note from Mr. McAdams wishing me a safe passage and assuring me that he would long remember with pleasure the occasion that made him acquainted with a Virginian who so well understood what was due to Irish customs.

The passage to New York was long and boisterous and one storm of four days continuance was sufficient I think to satisfy anyone's curiosity, to witness a storm at sea. I confess it was for me, although I was not alarmed nor was there any one moment when I thought danger was imminent. The good old ship Nestor was the largest in the line of packets, staunch and steady and no part of her timbers or rigging gave way. But four days and nights of continual blow, as if old Boreas meant to burst his bellows or

cause the Heavens to collapse - was enough to try the strongest frame of body and mind. For twenty four hours the ship was under bare poles with her topsale and top galan sails yards bound and never during the whole time daring to show more than one storm sail to keep her steady. Capt. Staunton the father of Isaac Weights line of packets told me that it was his one hundred and fifth trip (105) across the Atlantic and that he had never encountered so severe a storm. For a day and night the breakers went over the ship fore and aft. I was never seasick except when a boy and was therefore constantly on deck, but nearly all the passengers and indeed some of the old tars were very sick and when they got over it they were nearly ravenous but they could not eat. It was dangerous to move about particularly for the ladies and you had to hold on with both hands. I tried to drink coffee out of storm cups four inches deep with an inch of coffee in the bottom and before I could get the cup to my lips the contents would be pitched into my bosom. It was particularly trying to the ladies, and some of them, as well as gentlemen, never left their state rooms during the continuance of the storm and often would be thrown out of their births and a good deal hurt and great screaming and groaning would be heard among them. Among the passengers were Mr. Robert Patterson of Baltimore and his lady who was Miss Caton, and after the death of Patterson married the Marquis of Willisby. She was a magnificent woman in every respect, and supported herself better than any of them, though I will say that when the danger was most eminent the women showed themselves better heroes than the men. Mr. Patterson went to his state room the moment the storm commenced and was never seen on deck untill all was over. I never could remain below in stormy weather and was therefore constantly on deck, and such was the case with Mrs. Patterson.

She was always self-possessed and cheerful, and I have seen a breaker go over the ship when she would hold on by the rigging as firmly as any of the sailors. She was not seasick and when I could pick out times that a steward could bring up something to eat she would take it in one hand and catch an opportunity to get it to her mouth while she held on to the rigging with the other hand, but to drink was the most troublesome and frequently was the cause of whimsical and laughable occurrences. Sometimes you would have the contents of the cup pitched up into your nose and face, and sometimes down into your bosom or dashed out of your hand, but she never lost her spirits or complained. She enjoyed the grandure of the mighty billows as they toppled over us and as they increased in violence and lashed themselves into fury her admiration increased in energy. To witness such a play of the elements was enough to appall the stoutest heart and yet I would not have lost such an opportunity for all that money could buy. The might and majesty of God can be seen by the philosopher and Christian in all created things from the mite to a comet, but to be in the midst of the broad ocean at the height of its fury on a frail barque impresses the mind with the awful power of God, and at the same time with the ingenuity of man which seems to put that power at defiance which would be blasphemy even to contemplate if it were not that man is the higher order of his creation endowed with intellectual powers capable of controlling the violence of His elements in a limited degree.

The first letters I received from Mr. Holmes the attorney executors of the Rev. Mr. Simpson after my return home informed me that as soon as I had left England the old Mr. Simpson, the uncle of the Misses Simpson with whom I spent an evening in Corkernmouth had bribed the tenants in the villiage

of Embleton on the Stanly Hall Estate by forgiving of rent and reducing rent for a specified time. I directed him to distrain for rents, but he replied that my solicitor, Mr. Rudd, had committed a great oversight in not requiring the tenants to pay me some rent when we visited Stanly Hall, as that would have been the legal recognition of me as the landlord and would not be with them afterwards to question. But now my only remedy was to file a bill in chancery against the intruder. I had some idea of a Bill in Chancery in England and altho he assured me that it would be soon determined, yet I could not help suspecting fraud, notwithstanding the great liberality and kindness which had been manifested towards me in the settlement of the estate whilst I was in England. As it regarded the executors they were men of too high and pure characters to be for a moment suspected and their high standing caused me to repose the more confidence in the attorney whom they had employed to settle up the estate. So it was a bill was drawn up by Mr. Pemberton a great land lawyer of the city of York. But he recommended that it should be submitted to a lawyer in London to settle some point, at that lawyer referred it to another and that to another, and another, untill it was submitted to Sir Charles Tinall one of the under secretaries of state. These references for opinions on mooted points occupied some two or three years before the bill was settled and proceedings instituted. But all this time heavy fees were required. Then came a copy of the record the postage of which from New York to Fredericksburg was \$20 beside the charges in England. Then it was recommended that I being an alien, my father in law Mr. Thomas Simpson who was still a British subject should convey the estate to Messrs. Christopher Sykes and John Dale the executors in trust to be sold when in writing I should direct for the benefit

of my wife and children. This I regarded favorably and my lawyers in Virginia recommended as a wise course. Then came two large deeds on parchment, Lease and Release to be executed in all form, attested by witnesses who were British subjects under consular and gubernatorial seals. This done after very great trouble and expense was sent back to England. Then came the astounding information that it had been determined that the execution of that deed was a great error. That the conveyance of the Stanley Hall Estate to Trustees in England to be sold when I should direct in writing for the benefit of my wife and children was virtually taking the title out of Thomas Simpson who was a British subject and vesting it in me, an alien, who could only hold real estate for the benefit of the crown, for having contract over the sale and proceeds, the title was virtually in me and unless the deeds could be it would be fatal. I could no longer hesitate. I was the victim of fraud. I had then paid over two thousand guineas in fees. I determined to go to the fountainhead and I gathered up all my papers and correspondence on the subject and went to Washington City and laid them before Mr. Vaughn, the British minister. He received me very kindly and requested me to leave my papers with him and to breakfast with him the next morning at 10 o'clock. I called accordingly and after breakfast he took me into his office and told me that he had examined them carefully and was satisfied that I had gotten into the hands of swindling lawyers. That there were such in England as well as in other countries. He said, "My advice to you is to abandon the case and spend no more money on it, for when you shall have spent the value of the Stanley Hall Estate you will be as far from recovering it as you are now. For although your father in law, Mr. Thomas Simpson, and your wife and heirs at law are English subjects, yet they do not live in England, whereas the old man Simpson of

of Cockermouth is the nearest of kin in England and is in possession of the property which is a strong advantage in law as well as in finance for he can fight you with your own money and he will have the sympathy of the people with him, and if it were possible for you to recover your wife and children would have to go to England for the Crown would only release its claim under your alienage to the heir at law in England." I was fully satisfied of the wisdom and candor of this advice and told him that I would take it with many thanks and took my leave of Mr. Vaughan and of the suit in chancery for Stanly Hall, and the older I have grown the more satisfied I am that I acted wisely and saved money by not wasting it in a chancery suit in England with her quirks gammons and snips for my lawyers.

After my return from England I made large improvements at Mount Ephraim - and was nominated for congress in the District of Fauquir and Culpeper against John S. Barbour, on the question of the power of the Supreme Court of the United States to cite a sovereign state to answer to the suit of one of her own citizens. In the case of Cohens vs the State of Virginia.

Resolutions were introduced into the legislature of Virginia protesting against the descision of Chief Justice Marshal in that case. John S. Barbour was a member of the legislature from the county of Culpeper and I from Fauquir and both of the Jeffersonian State Rights Party. But Barbour although a man of fine talents was without principle, and was paving the way for a seat in Congress from that district. I was the first who had defeated the Federal Party in Fauquir in which county the Marshals had great influence. Barbour took that occasion to oppose the resolutions, in other words, went over to the Federal Party. I supported the resolutions. Tom Marshal, the son of the Chief Justice, was a resident of Fauquir and declined to run as

a candidate on the Federal side. At March Calpeper Court we argued the citation question and Barbour was so overwhelmingly defeated in the argument that the party became alarmed and a caucus was instantly held. Apportion of the Federals in Fauquir would vote for me unless some one could be gotten to take that vote. The consequence was, Tom Marshal was declared a candidate and Barbour beat me 45 votes in the district. This was the end of my political carreer in Virginia. Altho firm in my political opinions and principles I had no hankerings for office and never held an office or asked for one under the State or General Government except when called on to be a candidate by at least a portion of the people. I retired to my plantation and gave myself up to its improvement, and in the course of a few years expended a considerable amount of money in buildings and in the attempt to the improvement of the land before I was satisfied by experience that the land was naturally too sterile and too subject to devastating friskets to waste my time on it for a support in any way commensurate with the style of my buildings and arrangements for hospitality. The moment my mind came to this conclusion I determined to seek a home in some new country and at once offered Mount Ephraim for sale with all its improvements which cost me more than \$50,000 for \$20,000 and in November 1826 started a party of sixty negroes and about twenty young men who desired to adventure with me to Florida and as soon thereafter as the situation of my family would permit I followed after them. We arrived about the close of the year at the city of Tallahassee then just located in the wilderness, the streets not cut out and only a few rude shanties built. We of course camped out as we had done from the time we left the Rapahannock River opposite Mt. Ephraim. I hired out my negroes

and with an experienced guide went in search of land to enter for a plantation. There were but few plantations then open and in cultivation and the cotton on them of the preceeding year was in January in blossom and when ever I saw a patch of sugar cane it was green and growing luxuriently. There was no frost and in the month of February corn was waist high. I concluded that Florida was destined to be the greatest sugar state in the south, and I entered land on Lake Jackson, which was then a beautiful inland sea. In March with two or three of the young men who had not gotten into business and two servants we returned to Virginia having passed a winter without ever seeing frost, snow or ice.

I will digress here to give Mildred some account of her ancestry as far as has come within my knowledge. Her father's name was Pope Claxton and a nephew of Laurence Pope of Westmoreland County, a man of high standing and reputation whom I knew when a young man, and his nephew Pope Claxton I had seen in Westmoreland but had no intimacy with him. He had the reputation of being inclined to disipation when young. When I moved to Fauquir some ten years after I found he had married and was living not far from Mt. Ephraim and had given himself up entirely to dissipation. He married a Miss Stigler whose father had a very good property in land and negroes and was a very respectable man but his family did not visit in the circle in which Pope Claxton was raised. The old man was dead and his property distributed to the widow and the children among whom were several dissipated boys who with Pope Claxton soon ran through their shares and their sisters, and for some time were pretty much dependent on the mother who held her dower in the land and negroes. Pope Claxton and his wife died about the same time. I believe her died first and the poor wife soon after, probably broken hearted.

leaving four children, two boys and two girls. These children, altho left orphans and penniless, were not destitute. Their grandmother was able to take care of them and did take care of the others. I had no personal acquaintance with the Stigler family. I never saw Mrs. Claxton, but always understood she was an excellent woman. Nor do I believe that Pope Claxton ever treated her ill except by disipation and spending her property. The way we came to adopt Mildred Claxton as our daughter was this. Peyton Claxton who was a very steady and industrious young man and a man of a great deal of pride and self respect, lived in my family for the greater part of two years and superintended my buildings and executed the fine joiners work in the Mount Ephraim House, and when Pope Claxton and his wife died we learned from him the situation of the orphan children and as we had lost our two oldest daughters, my wife proposed that we should adopt as our daughter one of the girls. The suggestion was made to Peyton Claxton, who at once acceded to the proposition and Mildred was brought to our house and has ever since been as one of our children, and in justice to Mildred, I can say that I never did and never had cause to speak an unkind word to her in my life, and no parents ever had a more respectful obedient and affectionate daughter and in her conduct and deportment in all situations of life, as a child, a young lady, a wife, a mother and a widow, in my opinion she has been unexceptionable.

On my return I went to work preparatory to a final removal from my dear old natal state to Florida. Altho I had offered Mt. Ephraim for less than half of its cost to me yet it traded not at all - many came to see the place and although they were pleased with the improvements yet they were too

costly and the land too poor, when they would call to consult with neighbor and connection he would throw cold water on it. "He wished Brown could sell it, he had always told him that he was spending too much money on such poor land." He was a wealthy man and a man of judgement and my friend of course they did not want to buy - I saw that he did not intend that any one but himself should purchase it, and a man was a fool who did not make the best bargain he could. My going to Florida did not depend on the sale of Mt. Ephraim. I left two or three old negroes to take care of the buildings and in true Arab style with my family and tents I left Virginia the first of November 1827. My caravan consisted of my wife, six children including Mildred, twenty odd young men, one hundred and forty-four negroes, five four horse wagons, two carryalls, and my family carriage, and five saddle horses. Musicians we had in abundance amongst the young men, one the violin, clarionet, flute, fife etc., and any number of Virginia fiddlers among the negroes, and guns and rifles for hunting. We had large and commodious tents, marquis and camp fixtures. I had a quartermaster pay master and a foraging party who with the quarter master went ahead every day to procure fresh supplies and to select the camping ground, pitch the tents make fires and begin the cooking before the main body got up. We travelled slowly, from fifteen to twenty miles a day, and stopped at convenient places for two or three days to wash and rest, and never slept in a house during the whole journey of about sixty days. I walked the whole distance and was so much pleased with the trip that I would have been reconciled to live a life as an Arab the rest of my life. We arrived at Lake Jackson on the 8th of January, 1828 where there was but one cabin and my people lived in tents untill we

built houses, and were more healthy and comfortable than our neighbors.

This year I opened a plantation and planted corn only. The next year, so sanguine was I about sugar that I planted one hundred and thirty acres in cane, although it cost me over \$1,000 to procure the seed canes and a finer field of sugar cane had rarely been seen. A gentleman from Cuba gave me as his opinion that it would make two hogsheads of sugar to the acre. I put up extensive sugar works which cost me over \$20,000, mechanics and materials were high and hard to get and I was backward in the completion of my works. This I did not regard as I had no fear of a frost and the sugar was maturing every day. But on the night of the 12th of November there came not only a frost but a freeze and killed all my cane and it was twenty days after before I was ready to go to manufacturing, and by that time the cane was souring and by the time I had made twenty hogsheads it became too sour to granulate and by the time I had made a hundred barrels of syrup the cane was all spoiled. I had no seed cane to plant and had to rely only on the ratoon which was so injured by the frost that it did not come up or grow well, so the next year I made only about twenty hogshead. The third year I made less and learned by experience that middle Florida, neither by climate or soil, was a country for sugar as a staple crop. I cultivated a small crop of cotton and the last I sold for five cents a pound. All was discouraging enough for planting in the south. About this time an exemplification of a decree in chancery in Virginia against me instituted in my absence and without my knowledge by a company of soldiers, to dispose of the sale and improvements of the Shannandale Springs in Jefferson County was served upon me. This was a transaction of the blackest character ever perpetrated by men claiming to be gentlemen. Men with whom I had been long

acquainted prevailed on me as an act of kindness to purchase a share in those springs and to pay down the money for their immediate relief, made out an account against me for the improvements and by purgery and a corrupt commissioner in chancery obtained a decree under which my right in the property was sold and then the exemplification of the judgment was sent to Florida and the whole amount again recovered from me. So that they got back my share in the springs and about \$15,000 including the costs and what is equally strange in this infamous transaction, the wise judges in Florida decided that they could not look behind the judgment from Virginia to enquire into the facts of the case - all they had to do was to see that the copy of the judgment was exemplified. This was the first and only suit ever instituted against me in Virginia, and this in my absence and without an opportunity to make a defense in Virginia or in Florida.

Mount Ephraim was not yet sold and I ordered it to be sold at auction for what it would bring, and my wealthy neighbor and connection became the purchaser for the sum of \$5,500 and after taking the large manufacturing flour mills which cost over \$10,000 and as much of the land as squared out his plantation, sold the remainder to a family connection for what he gave for the whole estate. Oh! The Almighty Dollar! What deeds will it not tempt its devotees to perpetrate.

I made up my mind to quit planting and sold forty odd of my most likely negroes and paid every debt I owed in the world. From the manner I saw negroes treated and particularly the applications of that class I would not hire any of my negroes out, and as the best plan I could devise to keep them under my own controul I leased the Planters Hotel in the city of Tallahassee for three years and put such of my servants as were qualified for

the purpose into the establishment as waiters, chambermaids, cooks, hostlers etc. and employed John W. Leaves and A. A. Fisher to manage the hotel for me. On the plantation at Lake Jackson I left a part of my negroes in families to cultivate corn, hay etc. and to raise stock, poultry etc. and on a small place near the city called Hohaco I had a dairy and gardens for milk, butter and vegetables. All for the use of the hotel. I established a brickyard and during the three years lease of the Planters Hotel I bought the square and built the City Hotel where it now stands. I established a race tract and brought to Florida some of the best blooded stock of horses in the state, but I never made a bet on a horse race even to the amount of a dollar in my life. I am sure I made money and I tried to make it honestly and conscientiously, but whether to my own benefit or for the benefit of others more managing and plausible. I know has been and is now a question amongst my good friends to this day. I know that it is the opinion amongst many of my best friends that I am an easy credulous man who believes everybody honest and fair in their intentions towards me and let cunning knaves take advantage of me without my knowing it - not so bad as that - but I confess that in trivial matters I have seen plans laid to get the better of me in a transaction and have permitted the game to be played out and succeed without my ever intimating that I saw and understood the game as played. It is a saying with some that all men have their price. That is, none are truly honest - and that a wise man should deal with all men as if they were rogues and cheats. I have heard respectable men say, "Show me a man with a tuft of hair in the palm of his hand and I will show you an honest man." thereby admitting their own dishonesty. I have often been brought to think that I was not made to get along in this world. But if I could be brought to entertain such opinions of mankind I would not desire to live in this world.

My rule through life has been to deal with all mankind as if they were honest and intended to deal honestly by me. And although I have often been the victim of such confidence I have no desire that experience should make me so wise as to become suspicious of all men. "Altho self and the love of money, wealth, have corrupted thousands, yet I thank God I can say in my transactions through a long life that I have met with honest men in whose hands I could trust my all with entire confidence.

I have often heard people say that the moral rule to, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," is a hard rule to comply with. Now, without pretending to more disinterested liberality than others, I regard it as the plainest and fairest rule in the world, and never would ask more from anyone. Indeed, I do know that I have in hundreds of instances done to others what I would have asked of them to do for me under similar circumstances. To say nothing of acts of charity and benevolence. I have done for my neighbors what I would not have asked of them to do for me. I will name only one class of acts. I have given my name as security to my friends. I can say truly, to more than hundreds of thousands of dollars, and have actually paid for such acts of kindness - maybe folly - more than a hundred thousand dollars - and yet I never did ask anyone to endorse a note for me, nor did any one ever endorse a note or obligation for me - except official bonds - and then I always gave indemnity on property. No one ever paid or lost a dollar on my account that I am conscious of. After the failure of the Union Bank of Florida of which I was the teller up to the 1st January 1837 when I resigned on account of my critical state of health and went to Cuba, many heavy claims were recovered against me for endorsements

and securityships in my absence - for it being generally supposed that I could not live to return - there was a general scramble by professed friends as well as fraudulent men for what property I had left behind me, and the most unjust judgements were obtained against me, even on forged papers, as the records of Leon Superior Court will show, as an evidence of the loose and to say the least, the careless administration of justice at that day. But it pleased God that I did return and in a state of health which was regarded as hopeless of recovery, but by God's help I have been permitted to live to vindicate myself and to expose many of the frauds and forgeries practiced on me, and to pay off others - and to be enabled to say that after I had passed my three score years stripped of the larger portion of my property I have been enabled by my own energies, exertions and efforts to pay off and to receive receipts and discharges against every claim against me, amounting to more than \$20,000. The vouchers for which will be found in a large purple Morocco book or portfolio in my writing desk. The last of these claims I have paid this summer to my adopted daughter Mildred Taylor and her sister Mrs. Argyle on account of John P. Kelley of Virginia. To Joseph Woodruff of Manatee, a security debt, and to John Miller of Wicosauckee. So that I can with joy exclaim God has been gracious to me. He has permitted me to live to a long old age and to die with a conscience void of offence towards my fellow man - and in a confident hope in His pardoning mercy through my Redeemer of all my sins of commission and omission through my long pilgrimage of life.

The records of my life, my dear children, you understand as well as I do, or probably better, and are better able to transmit it to your children and posterity on our family record.

I have not been able, my dear children, to leave you large property, nor have I ever been anxious to do so - knowing the vanity of earthly possessions, how they tend to corrupt the mind and choke up all the avenues of benevolence and human sympathies of the heart - and how easily in an unexpected moment they take wings and leave the possessor in even a worse condition than poverty. A competency to place you above the proud and scornful is all I have ever prayed for. The little that was saved from the wreck of my affairs I had distributed among you when I thought it would be most serviceable to you, it was not much, but, if it had been more, perhaps it would not have done you more good - I kept nothing back to scramble for and cause family discord after my death. I will die my own executor and the administrator of all my estate. If I leave you no cause to blush for my memory it will be a better boon for you and your children than large estates accumulated by fraud and oppression and the wails of the widow and the orphan which will not rise unheeded to the throne of mercy, but may be answered by retribution upon even the third and fourth generation.

